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John Ruskin's Tragedy, by Amabel Williams-Ellis, on page 684

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Selling Ignorance

IGNORANCE is either static or dynamic. It is at least relatively static in the peasant type of man who is bound to his own narrow field of influence by all the limitations that accompany illiteracy and the lack of industrial power. If he is ignorant and prejudiced, he can do little to infect others beyond his neighborhood. His field of ignorance is static. But given literary and economic power and the results of ignorance get wings. An irresponsible press is like a wind bearing dust germ infected. There is no catching up with a lie or a misstatement. Arthur Ponsonby's recent book on the lies of war propaganda is evidence of how the uncritical or prejudiced mind takes up a lie and turns it into currency. The discussion of the recent naval bill, both inside the Senate and outside, has revealed what areas of dangerous ignorance, not static, but dynamic through every power of publicity, exist in a semi-civilized country. It is not the controversial questions—Is a strong navy indispensable? What constitutes parity? How can war best be avoided?—which suffer from dynamic ignorance. Wise men, well informed, may readily differ there. But one would have supposed from some of the comment that the speakers and writers had never read a book or a responsible article since 1914—and perhaps they had not. "England gained control of two-thirds of the habitable world as a result of the war." "The way to prevent war is to have a navy or an army stronger than all other armies and navies." "Preparedness for war has always saved lives." "The United States has never fought an offensive war." "Neutrality can be preserved by treaties, but treaties cannot prevent war."

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The truth of the matter is that we in this country are suffering from the sales complex. There was always ignorance of the few facts that it is permissible to be sure of, here as much as elsewhere. But we had not learned to sell our ignorance. Now we are all salesmen—or if not, are urged to be. Salesmanship is the best rewarded of industries. Most of the young men are going into it. Advertising has reached its high technique as its tool. Subconsciously we are all infected with the idea that "getting a thing over" is more important than the nature of the idea or thing. One would say that only a child would be taken in by the advertisements of the absolute superiority of certain widely boosted products, by the clarions in print declaring that culture, languages, success, can be bought by a coupon and the minimum of endeavor, or by the guarantees of happiness and content offered by mail for the trouble of saying "yes." But it is not the children who rush to buy. Ignorance has become dynamic. It can move to its bait, it can pay for its sedative, it can read and write.

Let us not cheaply relieve our feelings by execrating the agents. Senator Heflin, who believes that the cross is propaganda for Roman Catholicism, is presumably a representative of his constituency, otherwise he would not have been elected and re-elected. The writers of the cigarette advertisements are reacting to credulity in a fashion which psychology explains if it does not approve. The sales technique, which by its very purpose emphasizes results rather than causes, is here to stay. Heretics and the orthodox alike would have used modern methods in earlier days if they had possessed them. Had the Inquisition possessed a press, it would have made less use of fire. If there had been a broadcasting station in Paris of, say, 1802, Napoleon would have needed fewer armies. It was static ignorance that saved the world from calamity quite as often as it held back civilization and blocked progress.

There is no cure for this disease except more of the same. Where falsity and ignorance come to us by the printed word, the only recourse is more and better reading. The argument is not that we should become a nation of bookworms; but it should be powerful for a minority at least of readers who do not wish to be sold half truths and no truths, and are willing to protect themselves by at least a moderate knowledge. The man with a sales mind gets his facts as salesmen do in a conference. They are told what they need to know in order to sell something. He learns what he wants to learn, and immediately broadcasts it. He is immune to argument because he has no idea of where to look for facts, and has never acquired the habit of looking. It is com-

(*Continued on page* 680)

Metaphysics

By CHARLES NORMAN

WHERE lies geometry?
oh not between blue covers are
the verticals of ecstasy
the angles of despair.

And where geography?
not charts nor latitude
can wall the towns of memory
from final platitude.

Oh where is anything
the mind can cherish?
By seas of wondering
in lands of wish.

This Week

"Private Papers of James Boswell."
Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE.
"Music at Midnight."
Reviewed by R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON.
"Dialogues and Monologues."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.
"The French Revolution."
Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT.
"Survey of American Foreign Relations."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.
"The Life of Space."
Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON.
"Accident."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.
"Nettle Harvest."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.
"The Rise and Fall of New France."
Reviewed by W. P. M. KENNEDY.
"Propaganda."
Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.
"Title Passes."
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Exit, the Theatre!
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

James Boswell*

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE
Yale University

JAMES BOSWELL appears to have been born with the conviction that he was a genius, and soon thereafter to have acquired a suspicion that the world had entered into a conspiracy to deny his claim. "I ought to have a good opinion of myself," he wrote in his journey at Ferney, "but from my unlucky education I cannot get rid of mean timidity as to my own worth." Directing that "unlucky education" stood the dour figure of Lord Auchinleck, a man more to be pitied than censured. What could a proud Scottish Judge and Laird be expected to do with a son whose tastes and talents seemed confined to mimicry and scribbling? Like the rest of us, he tried to do his duty, and with all the energy of a tough and astringent personality he set himself to the task of transforming this changeling into a respectable lawyer like himself.

Genius thwarted can strangle a man, but as Polly Peachum says of love, it cannot be controul'd by advice. Boswell pursued his destiny; the effect of Lord Auchinleck's sour discipline was only to breed in him a life-long distrust of himself. From this rankling uneasiness flowed his inexhaustible egotism and self assertion. Boswell's consuming ambition in life, whether he knew it or not, was to prove that his father had been mistaken about him. Books, even successful books, did not seem quite sufficient to reveal the extent of his Noble Soul; hence his "archives" in which for thirty-five years he laboriously collected for posterity an *apologia pro sua vita*. He kept journals in which he recorded his virtues and his vices with a frankness which few men could have endured. He preserved copies of many of his letters and urged his favorite correspondent, Temple, to put others "in a book neatly." He went through files of newspapers and carefully marked his own anonymous contributions, adding an index of the "Paragraphs, Letters, Essay, &c. by James Boswell, Esq." There can be no doubt that he intended all this vast collection to be read by others, no doubt that he hoped much of it would ultimately be published to convince the skeptical world that James Boswell was a greater genius than he had been given credit for being.

* * *

The uncanny part of the whole business is that he has so completely succeeded. Neglect, misconception, timidity, callousness, stupidity, and malice have been unable to hold out before the tenacity of that impassioned purpose. He said that through his efforts Johnson would be better known than any man who ever lived; Mr. Scott now soberly concludes that we have materials for knowing Boswell better than Johnson.

In his will, Boswell made careful provision for the intelligent handling of his papers. His executors, Sir William Forbes, Malone, and Temple, were given discretionary power to publish "more or less" for the benefit of his younger children. They decided to hand on their responsibility to the second son, James, perhaps because the heir, Sir Alexander, showed scant sympathy for his father's literary reputation, more probably because James was his father's favorite son ("My second son is an extraordinary

* PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL FROM MALAHIDE CASTLE, IN THE COLLECTION OF LT.-COLONEL RALPH HEYWARD ISHAM. Prepared for the Press by GEOFFREY SCOTT, and now first printed. Vols. 1, 3, and 4. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1929.

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boy. He is much of his father"), and by the terms of the will it was he, not Alexander, who was to profit by the publication. However that may be, when both brothers died suddenly in 1822, nothing had been done toward publication. The collection passed into the keeping of Sir Alexander's son, Sir James, but not intact. A note by Malone in the fifth edition of the "Life of Johnson" shows that as early as 1807 a "mass of papers" had been burned at Auchinleck, though, in view of what remains, the destruction appears to have been casual rather than systematic. A few choice items were also among James Boswell's effects at his death, and were dispersed at the sale of his papers in 1825. One large manuscript of poems mysteriously turned up in 1834 among the papers of Francis Douce, who had been a close friend of the younger James Boswell.

In 1829 John Wilson Croker attempted to tap the resources of Auchinleck for materials to use in his portentous edition of the "Life of Johnson." Sir Walter Scott served as his intermediary, but his efforts were but lukewarm because he was harassed by private afflictions and believed the papers all to have perished. Croker thought himself slighted and took revenge on Sir James by a smart reference in his preface. His edition was the occasion for Macaulay's first onslaught on the character of Boswell, the least true but most effective piece of Boswellian criticism ever written. It is small wonder that from 1831 onward Auchinleck maintained an attitude of active hostility toward scholars. In 1857 (the year of Sir James Boswell's death) the letters to Temple were published. Boswell's vigilant ghost had sent a certain unsuspecting Major into a small shop in Boulogne just in time to save the manuscripts from being used as wrapping paper. The disclosures of the letters would have been painful to any of Boswell's immediate descendants, but they must have been doubly so to the ladies who now ruled at Auchinleck.

* * *

For Sir James, having no son, had succeeded in breaking the entail, devised by no less an expert than Lord Auchinleck, and had handed on the estate and the archives to his daughters Emily and Julia. Emily married Lord Talbot de Malahide and finally went to live at Malahide Castle, near Dublin. Julia mar-

[illegible] circumstantial account of the complete destruction of the papers soon after Boswell's death. Doubts still persisted. Dr. Hill, while preparing his great edition of the "Life of Johnson," sought admittance to Auchinleck and was repulsed. He took revenge by publishing an illiterate letter sent to him by the venerable daughter of Sir Alexander Boswell, in which she made reference to her "grandfather's Life of Johnson." In 1893 Mrs. Mounsey sold the library at Auchinleck, and a few more manuscripts trickled out. But the bulk of the papers passed on her death in 1905 to the present Lord Talbot de Malahide, who at the same time inherited Auchinleck. He sold the estate, but he transferred the papers to Ireland. In 1925 Professor Tinker resolved to lay persistent rumors by going to Malahide. He was given a glimpse of the collection—enough to convince him that most of the papers were still there. In 1927 Lord Talbot decided to transfer his ownership and copyright of the papers to Colonel Isham, who brought the entire lot to his home on Long Island, where they are now under the capable hands of Mr. Scott.

* * *

Two methods of publication are contemplated. A public edition will appear as soon as the laborious task of annotation can be completed. In the mean time this limited edition has been prepared to give scholars and collectors immediate access to the more important documents. The editorial work is restrained, but excellent in quality. There is no annotation, Mr. Scott having confined himself to the presentation of a careful transcript of the text, with a nexus of modest prefatory essays. The essays do credit to his reputation as a stylist, and in the dialogues with Rousseau he has given us a taste of his powers in a more generous kind of editing. Boswell made the mistake of recording the conversations in French, which he spoke fluently but not accurately. On the page opposite Boswell's rather teasing notes Mr. Scott has added a deft Boswellian translation, cast dramatically as in the "Life of Johnson." I shall leave the sumptuous typography to be expertly discussed in the proper department of the *Review*.

Of the ultimate sixteen or more volumes of the limited edition, three are now published. Vol. 1 is mainly occupied by the journal of a "Jaunt" which Boswell (apparently at outs with his father and temporarily under the tutelage of Lord Kames) made through various parts of Scotland in the autumn of 1762. It ends with his departure for London on that momentous Tour from which he returned three years later the friend of Johnson, Rousseau, Voltaire, and Paoli. Vol. 2 is at present withheld, but it appears to contain the record of Boswell's residence at Utrecht during the winter of 1763-64, and will probably include all the papers in his eccentric courtship of Zélide (Isabella de Zuylen). Vol. 3 gives an extended account of his tour among the German courts in the summer and autumn of 1764, and Vol. 4 the "tale of supreme Felicity"—his conquest of Rousseau and Voltaire.

* * *

"Have we in Boswell's Journals a second Pepys's Diary?" Certainly there has been nothing quite like this in literary history since the publication of Pepys, but the differences are enormous. Boswell's Journals are not much like Pepys's. They are far from so even and coherent in texture, and when they are good, it is for a different reason. Pepys is so utterly without self-consciousness that we cannot believe that he wrote with the intention of being read. Boswell perhaps never wrote ten consecutive words in his life without the thought of their effect on some one else. Pepys has a relish for the most trivial events that makes them more exciting than tales of the death of kings. Boswell got uncommonly bored by the dull round of daily routine, and had no special skill in recording it. To Pepys all events are the same size; he finds his wife's snoring as tremendous as the execution of a Regicide. Boswell is infallibly attracted to Greatness, and when he impinges on a Great Man he blazes like a comet coasting the sun. Boswell had a Noble Soul; Pepys was born a century too early to know that he had a soul in any but the theological sense. But why multiply antitheses when one can quote?

15th (Oct. 1660). Office all morning. . . . This morning Mr. Carew was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged

[illegible]

nose, she snored much, which I never did hear her do before.

(3 Dec. 1764. Boswell has a letter of introduction from Lord Marischal to Rousseau which is certain to gain him admittance, but) "my romantic Genius . . . made me eager to put my own merit to the severest tryal. I had therefore prepared a letter to M. Rousseau, in which I informed him that an ancient Scots Gentleman of twenty-four was come hither with the hopes of seeing him. . . . It can neither be abridged nor transposed, for it is really a Master-Piece. I shall ever preserve it as a Proof that my Soul can be sublime. I . . . sent my letter *chez* M. Rousseau, ordering the Maid to leave it, and say she'd return for the Answer. . . . I was filled with anxiety. Is not this romantic madness? Was I not sure of admittance by my Recommendations? Could I not see him as any other Gentleman would do? No: I am above the Vulgar crowd. I would have my merit fairly tried by this Great Judge of human Nature.

Though Boswell's journals can hardly ever attain to an independent literary reputation equal to Pepys's, they contain for the student of literature scenes more extraordinary. David Hume "sits at his ease reading Homer," and chats about Smollett, Macpherson, Sterne ("Tristram Shandy may perhaps go on a little longer; but we will not follow him"), and what Johnson really said to Garrick in the Green Room. Boswell thumps Rousseau on the shoulder five minutes after their first meeting; they talk of religion, and Boswell confesses that he once turned Roman Catholic and even thought of retiring to a monastery in France. It was the "Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar" that gave him his present agreeable ideas of the Christian religion, but, he asks his mentor, can he not have a harem of thirty if he wishes? Rousseau says that his own books are twaddle ("barbouillages") and discourses on the manners and morals of the cat. Boswell and Voltaire sit alone in the drawing room at Ferney "with a great Bible before them" and dispute "with vehemence" concerning the truth of Christianity. "For a certain portion of time there was a fair opposition between Voltaire and Boswell." Voltaire, hard pressed, has recourse to one of those fainting spells which he reserves for such occasions, but to no purpose. Boswell quietly waits. "He recovered. I resumed our Conversation."

"Some Faint, Far Justice"

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT. By MURIEL DRAPER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON

BIOGRAPHERS more often give one an armature than a portrait, but not so Mrs. Draper. Embedded in this informal record of hers of a pre-war residence in London, there are aspects of people, gestures, conversations accurately recorded; tones of voice in speaking and laughs so put into words that I am convinced neither time nor meetings with the people described could rob them of an essential verity. I have not found, for instance, in anything I have read, a description of Henry James that seemed to me so accurate as this:

> He arrived early and sledged down the stairs into the room with that extraordinary density of movement that was characteristic of him. He did not give the impression of putting one foot before the other in order to carry his torso and its appendages into the room. He came in all at once. Head, shoulders, arms, body, legs, arrived at the same time, inexorably displacing space and leaving an almost visible vacancy in his wake. Solid purposeful wholeness impelled him. All of him was there, nothing left behind. He sat quietly on the sofa beside me and awaited silently the first notes of the Brahms B. Major piano trio which was to begin the evening's program. As the music progressed and the incomporable tone of Casals's cello was heard in the short solo passage of the first movement, his solemnly searching eyes fastened on Casals's face, and he seemed to listen by seeing.

* * *

This gift Mrs. Draper has for imprisoning in a few lines the essentials of a personality so exceedingly complex as that of Henry James comes, it seems, from the richness of experience and (if one may use richness in such a context) of attention, of consciousness, she brings to bear on the people who surround her. Always, in this narrative, one has the impression of a prolixity of points of contact established between her and whoever she is, at the moment, attentive to, a prolixity of contact that results in a sort of luminosity of experience. Norman Douglas; Gertrude Stein, "stalking through crowds . . . a tiny hat perched on her monumental head"; May Sinclair, "a neat demure little figure in Sunday-

[illegible] ho "ani-

[illegible] ir Charles

[illegible] my ear";

[illegible] Florence,

creating around her a "definitely visible atmosphere; Duse, who permeated the air with the ethereal assurance that she was inhabiting her body, but could leave it if she chose"; Jacques Thibaud, Pablo Casals, Strawinsky, Carl Van Vechten, Emerson Whithorne, Arthur Rubinstein, Diaghileff, Harold Bauer, and so on—scores of people have briefly and vividly their being in these pages. It is only the brevity of their tenancy of them one regrets.

Mrs. Draper's narrative is concerned with that extraordinary period just before the war, when the London season was more brilliant than it has since been. To the Drapers' house in Chelsea came the people who "made" the season,—not merely those whose social positions merited respect—for the Drapers seemed little concerned with them as such, but those who composed the ballets, sang the operas, and wrote the books and plays of the season. It was a house always filled with music, and not the least fascinating characteristic of this record is the excellent

[illegible] t manifests.

* * *

[illegible] slow-moving narrative. Indeed, one

[illegible] es that it were a little less rapid. With

[illegible] iat seems profligate, situations that ordi-

[illegible] be spun out into an exceedingly amusing novel are here condensed into a few pages: observations that might be recorded in paragraphs are here embedded in the dependent clause of a sentence. One would like, for instance, to know in more detail the events and the hinted complications of a slightly insane house party at Mable Dodge's villa in Florence. One would like, too, to know a great deal more about the Polish nobleman who risked his life for a pêche melba, and of the young man who became afflicted with a club foot through imitating people who were so afflicted. But here they are only incidental figures in a record far more amusing than the most amusing party.

The Mark Twain Society, Mayfield, California, is offering a prize of ten dollars for the best anecdote about Mark Twain. The contest will close on June first.

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Poetical Theory

DIALOGUES AND MONOLOGUES. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. WOLFE has in mind the "Conversations in Ebury Street," and his first monologue, which is partly dialogue, is an essay on George Moore; but he is an admirer rather than an imitator and the resemblance, if there is any, is superficial. His subject is chiefly poetry, in particular, modernist prose, and in monologue or dialogue he takes the part of the discriminating skeptic. It is the part which many of us would desire to take, and our first interest would look to the way in which these apparently very theoretical poets formulate their theory.

Two things have always struck my delaying and hesitating apprehension with regard to them: first that they were very much in earnest, and second that most of the poetry, proclaimed to be important and the only important contemporary poetry, did not seem to me to arrive. One ought to arrive first and explain afterward, if at all,—if at all because in the history of literature it is easier to see where poetry has been the worse for the poet's self conscious theory than the better for any such addition. The arrival is the only important matter and that depends on the emotional response, on the fact that there is that response, not on any proof that there ought to be. But earnestness is a substantial proof that there is, and one's interest is drawn immediately to any inside information as to what the response responds to.

The interlocutors in the dialogue called "The Craftsmanship of Verse," are "myself, another Englishman, and a Frenchman," of whom the last is the extremist, and the other members in between. The extremist's position runs something like this:

Creative impulse in every creative period not only seeks, but consists in, a new form as well as a new content. The time must come when any given form chokes itself. All that is new and vigorous in poetry is modernist. All other contemporary poetry is dead. There is no essential difference between poetry and prose, only the meretricious decorations that have been attached to the former. What have monotonous rhythms, echoes of stamping feet in savage ritual, to do with the complex psychology of civilized man? A poet is not such because he gets around surprisingly well in a straitjacket. What distinguishes him is not sing-song, but courage in the use of words. "If they shoulder time away, if they create their own image shadows, that will be a poem. The poet must use words as if they were spoken for the first time. He must strip them of the accumulated rubbish of centuries of half meaning, and he must thrust them out of himself."

* * *

Some of this seems more or less insane, that is, it does not seem to mean anything real. You can no more strip a word of its accumulations than you can strip a man of his past and his ancestry. Language is a convention. The success of your courage in reaching beyond the convention depends on your still keeping in touch with it. If you go too far the word falls. It does not mean anything to anyone else. That every creative impulse creates and consists in a new form is flatly contrary to the facts. Burns, as well as Pope and Goldsmith, wrote to an old literary convention, to a poetic school which was ready for him; whereas Wordsworth and Keats, Tennyson and Browning, had each in some degree to create his own fashion. Which is the better is at least an open debate. It is in fact a complicated and obscure issue to which there is no positive conclusion.

In his essay on "The Difficulties of the Poet" Mr. Wolfe himself approaches the subject from another standpoint. "In this puzzled post-war world," he says, "we are all acutely conscious of a change of values." The shock of the war and all its bitter disillusions have had something to do with a disbelief in any values in the generation preceding, and are therefore responsible for it. The new condition is a mood, and generational moods are nocturnal phenomena. The post-war generation may be no more tolerant, peaceable, reasonable, or less apt to folly and disaster, than the pre-war, and one does not need to suppose so in order to recognize the mood. At any rate it is not strange if, in a world so vexed and wracked, the poet "is, quite apart from the difficulties of technique, face to face with an almost overwhelming difficulty in point of subject matter. For the subject matter he "may well urge that the only thing to do with a world so foul is to wring its neck." For the technique some "of set purpose carry their criticism of the formlessness of contemporary life into the formlessness of thin verse and believe all predigested harmonies foreign to a totally undigested (and almost indigestible) period —contemporary life does not scan."

Whether the impression given is all of it intentional or not, it comes to something like this: The first moving force is a reaction which began long before the war. Half of the dialogue on "Modernism in Verse" is devoted to the modernist's defense of his dislike of nineteenth century poetry. So far the characteristics and critical opinions of the modernist seem to be rather simple antitheses; whatever was done, don't do it, or do it differently. But his critical theory is not really an antecedent doctrine, though it purports to be, but an attempt to analyze, explain, and account for, an existing condition. The war added some force and some new directions. It affected the mood more than the technique. The mood is rather prevalently

George Willison's portrait of Boswell, painted at Rome in 1765. Boswell's Journal informs us that at his first meeting with Rousseau he wore this same "Waistcoat, scarlet with Gold-lace" and "Great coat of Green Camlet lined with Fox-skin fur, with the collar and Cuffs of the same fur."

bitter. To interpret a loosened, or dislocated, or individualistic technique as the expression of a chaotic mood may be far-fetched, but if the tendency to suddenly turn and destroy or insult the beauty you have just created, is a matter of technique, it does seem an expression of the mood. It was a trick of Byron's and this aspect of the modernist mood is not unlike Don Juan.

Those of us too elderly and rooted in our past altogether to drop our prepossesions, may as well take what steps we can to understand. It is something accomplished if we can see that in the poetry of such men as Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Eliot there is power and arrival of some kind or other; and that as critics they have both knowledge and intelligence, and mean what they say. Personally I am looking not so much for a revolt against the revolt, as for a settling of sediment and resultant clarity, for a twentieth century poetry of more definite form than the modernists present or advocate. But I have a theory that it will be more peculiar and more interesting for its flavor and inner substance than for its outer form.

The test of a poet is neither what his contemporaries think of him, nor that generation which comes next after a change of mood. The generation following a second change is in a better position than either. Modernist criticism of Tennyson is probably as unbalanced as romanticist criticism of Pope. Besides it does not so much matter what we dislike as what we admire. If a man says—someone says it in one of the Dialogues—"Wordsworth means nothing to me," that is a door which has always been closed to many, but the question is rather what other doors are open. There are such doors in contemporary poetry and Mr. Wolfe has instructions on what is behind them that are worth our meditation.

Hail, the Terrorists!

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By ALBERT MATHIEZ. Translated by C. A. PHILLIPS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $5.

MY FRIEND ROBESPIERRE. By HENRI BÉRAUD. Translated by S. BROWN. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT
Harvard University

TO one who has viewed with some interest the developments in the world of men and books during the past years, it was apparent that the glorification of Robespierre and the Terrorists was at hand. With the appearance of these volumes, and with Gottschalk's study of Marat and Kerr's study of the Reign of Terror, written under the influence of Professor Mathiez, that premonition has been confirmed. The development of proletarianism; the emphasis on the "common man"—on the mass rather than the individual; the voice of God speaking through the actions of the mob; the spread of the idea that revolution is a natural political process rather than an extraordinary phenomenon; the greater familiarity with its once sinister countenance, have long indicated that the emergence of its prophets into the rather favorable light of history was at hand. Like vice it was once "a creature of such fearful mien, that to be hated need but to be seen." It is perhaps too much to say as yet that "seen too oft, familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace"; yet we have certainly taken the first step, as these books prove, and even, so far as they are concerned, the second.

For the authors of these books may be described as Robespierrists, and their publication marks the furthest advance toward the rehabilitation of the prophet of the Terror which has yet been made. To reveal the spirit of the book, it is only necessary to point out that Professor Mathiez's index contains a list of references to Robespierre which seems, on a rough calculation, about twice as long as that allotted to any other character of the period save only Danton, who has perhaps two-thirds as many. The third in point of references is Marat; the fourth is Barère; then comes Louis XVI; and, after a while, Mirabeau, somewhere below Dumouriez. In short, this is a Robespierrist history; and what Professor Mathiez conceives that Robespierre stood for is revealed in the account of his fall.

Robespierre and his party went to their death largely for having tried to use the Terror as the instrument of a fresh upheaval affecting property. With them the levelling Republic, without rich or poor, which they had dreamt of establishing by the laws of Ventôse, received its death blow.

"There were many," he goes on to say of the Thermidorians, "who towards the end of their days repented of the part they had played on the 9th Thermidor. In the person of Robespierre they had slain the democratic Republic for a century."

Presumably, then, had Robespierre lived, all would have been well with the Republic and the Revolution, and we should have had a true Republic of the Levellers in the eighteenth century. It may be, but there are no "ifs" in history, so we cannot tell. Yet it is interesting, if not highly conclusive, to find the Reign of Virtue only, after all, a sort of proletarianism. Somehow we had pictured Robespierre's ideal on a higher plane than economic interests, whatever we had thought of it otherwise. Nor will it be easy for Professor Mathiez to convince his colleagues that this was the only reason for his hero's fall. One has a shrewd suspicion even from Professor Mathiez's own pages that there was more in it than this. When, as the 9th Thermidor approached, with nearly eight thousand persons in prison, with heads falling, in Professor Mathiez's own words, "like slates from a roof"; when Dubois-Crancé and Fouché were struck off the Jacobins' books by Robespierre's influence; when Robespierre was endeavoring to wrest control of military affairs from the organizer of victory, Carnot, and openly attacked the Committee of General Security in the Convention, even proposed to "purge" the Committee of Public Safety—was it any wonder that every one outside his little circle began to feel his head every morning to see if it was still there and to wonder whether his head or that of Robespierre was of more use not only to himself but even to the state? There are enough old reasons why Robespierre met his fate beyond the fact that he dreamed of a Levellers' Republic.

In Duke Humphrey's Library, which is now

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called the Bodleian, there are, or were, two pictures facing each other; one of Christ, the other of Charles the First, known to a certain sect as Charles the Martyr; and the pictures are so much alike that, taken separately, it would be difficult to tell which was which. So far can the emotions of men carry them. There is also a book known as the Eikon Basilike, which professes to be the last thoughts of the martyred king; and though it was not written by him, it had every appearance of being his work, and so deceived many worthy persons. In a measure M. Béraud has created an Eikon of Robespierre, saint and martyr of the Revolution, as the good Dr. Gauden created an Eikon of Charles the First. His book—one of those "soul" histories which are so fashionable now, professes to be the work of Robespierre's devoted friend and follower, with him, or near him, in body as well as spirit from the beginning to the end. It is a very readable volume; one might wish it had some other qualities, but a judicial detachment is not the quality of a devotee, and we must not reproach the author with the lack of it, for that is no part of his purpose. As the publishers observe, he "abandons the traditional moral attitude for one of sympathy and intuition"; and when sympathy and intuition come in at the door, historical truth flies out of the window. One may admit every good quality of Robespierre that every advocate can bring forward; one may reject the old idea that he was a bloodthirsty monster; one may recognize that he was kind to his lady friend and good to his dog; but, as Lanfrey says, "C'est pas assez"—it is not enough! Else we could never admit that good men never do wrong, and bad men never do right in their public capacity. Perhaps no disinterested historian would deny that Robespierre and Mirabeau were at almost opposite ends of the moral scale in private life; what serious and responsible historian would deny that Mirabeau was a far greater statesman than Robespierre?

It is possible for men to say nowadays that when Marat died there passed the greatest constructive mind of the French Revolution, despite the fact that he accomplished nothing constructive. It is possible for men to say that Robespierre was a saint and a martyr; that those who overthrew him were merely ambitious scoundrels, seeking their own account. It will presently be possible to rehabilitate Hébert, because he lived with his wife in a comfortable bourgeois apartment, with two serving maids. Doubtless we shall have a glorification of Hanriot in time, of a like character. We may go lower still—though that is hardly conceivable. But have we not had nearly enough of special pleading on the French Revolution? Is it not time for us to put away these childish efforts to rehabilitate whatever character or party catches our fancy? Was not Lamartine's "History of the Girondins" enough of that sort of thing? Do we not live in a scientific age; and is not the truth even more interesting, if less probable than fiction? Certainly not; not so long, at least, as the issues raised by the French Revolution still live, and they will doubtless live as long as the system to which they gave impetus if not birth; not so long as emotion surpasses intellect even in historical writing. And that will be a long time.

Selling Ignorance

(*Continued from page* 677)

plained that too many books are published, too many magazines printed. Doubtless, but that too many good books and good magazines are read would be a conclusion no observer of contemporary opinion would ever be likely to form. Thousands of books, tens of thousands of articles, on the Great War have been published, and yet its most elementary lessons as to what brings on war and how it might be avoided, and as to what constitutes modern war and what it must mean for the warring community, seem to have made no entrance at all into the minds of the vast majority of citizens. They can still be sold militaristic ideals that were discredited (though not disused) by 1800, and conceptions of war, its nature, its methods, its probable results, which were stale by 1918. Ex-Admirals talk with a background of political conceptions that Erasmus would have sniffed at, and at the other extreme, ardent pacifists sell non-resistance with a complete disregard of the most elementary psychology. If the oncoming generation is decimated and the hopeful promise of this continent blighted, it will be, essentially, ignorance, remediable ignorance, that is responsible.

Foreign Policy

SURVEY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1928. By CHARLES P. HOWLAND. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1928.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. 1915. SUPPLEMENT: Washington: Government Printing Office. 1928.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IN the midst of the buffeting of propaganda and counter-propaganda on the desirable relation between the British and American navies, here are two books which furnish a safe anchorage for those who wish to resolve the problem in their own minds on the basis of its essential factors rather than on emotional reverence for the dogmas of either militarism or pacifism. Neither of these two books is propaganda in the usually accepted meaning of the word. One is a calm, judicial discussion of the elements which enter into the determination of our foreign policy; the other is a selection from the correspondence of the State Department and its agents abroad relating to World War issues during the year 1915.

The first volume, dated 1928—which the editors confide to us really means 1927—is most excellent reading. It is such by virtue of the fact that it has recognized no necessity to confine its attention to the year 1927 or any other year. Instead, the editors have looked upon it as something of an introductory volume to the series which is to follow. Its first section is devoted to a study of American foreign policy viewed in retrospect; the second section depicts the growth of the economic power of the United States; the third section is a complete review of our relations with the League of Nations; the fourth, of our financial relations after the World War, and the fifth, of the post-war movement toward the limitation of armament. Each one of these five studies is excellently done. Rarely is greater "objectivity" attained. While now and again a phrase creeps in which would indicate that the editors thought that perhaps our attitude toward the League of Nations has been somewhat remiss, these remarks might as readily be ascribed to a tendency to be so fair as to bend slightly backward, as to an attempt to turn the argument in favor of America's joining the League.

The most timely of the five sections in view of the present discussion of the Kellogg Pact and the Naval Bill, is the last on limitation of armament. This section was written by Mr. Arthur Bullard, and in it he has marshalled in admirable fashion the results of a long and wide study of international problems. He reviews the efforts at disarmament which have been made at Geneva and the semi-successful Conference at Washington. He then discusses the Three-Power Conference at Geneva. While it may be cause for regret that Mr. Bullard has seen fit to repeat the criticism that adequate preparation was not made for the Geneva meeting, the regret is more over the form than the substance. Adequate preparation of the kind Mr. Bullard is discussing was not made; such preparation would have meant that everything was practically agreed upon before the conference convened and it could have gone through to a successful conclusion as did the conference at Locarno. There may also be cause for regret in Mr. Bullard's rather sweeping statement that the words "parity" and "equality" as applied to naval matters "are meaningless." He goes on in the next paragraph to show that they had at least two meanings, one of which was given them by the British delegates and the other by the American delegates.

These minor criticisms aside, Mr. Bullard has given us an extremely able presentation of the real issue between England and the United States on the question of naval parity. British opinion on this matter has so far been shaped by the Admiralty. The Admiralty's conception of the British navy is that of an instrument which under their direction can control the seas in time of war. This control has two purposes. First, to insure the uninterrupted supply of foodstuffs and raw materials to Great Britain in time of war, and second to interrupt the supplies of such material to Britain's enemies. This control is exercised in two ways. First, by the destruction of the hostile fleet, and second by the blockade of hostile ports.

The conflict of interest between the United States and Great Britain centers round the use of the blockade. America has for the most part been a neutral in European conflicts. She has desired to trade with both parties. So long as the British navy controlled the seas, she has been able to trade with Great Britain. She has not been able to trade with Britain's enemies except on terms fixed by the British navy. In the old sailing-ship days munitions of war were considered contraband and certain supplies including foodstuffs were contraband if they were destined for the use of the armed forces of a belligerent. In other goods neutrals were supposed to have the right to trade with either belligerent without interference from their armed forces. In modern warfare, fought by nations in arms, any sort of supplies helps to stiffen the resistance of the nation receiving it. When that nation happens to be at war with Great Britain, and the British navy controls the seas, it requires only an Order in Council dictated by the Admiralty so to extend the law of contraband as to exclude practically all commerce with the enemies of Great Britain.

There are but two possible checks upon the arbitrary exercise of such power to control the seas. One is international law. This for the present, so far as the question of the freedom of the seas is concerned, is practically non-existent. The other check is a neutral navy sufficiently powerful so that the British Admiralty would prefer to sacrifice some of the advantages of its sea power rather than bring this neutral navy into the contest against it.

If those of a pacifist turn of mind are inclined to think that Mr. Bullard is merely supposing fictitious difficulties and imagining chimeras, they might well turn to the second volume under review and read of what actually happened during the year 1915 when we were neutrals and the British and the Germans were locked in a death struggle for the control of the sea. It was the British who first violated American rights as those rights are defined by American interpretations of international law. The British navy took what seemed to us utterly unwarranted liberty with our commerce, and the volume is rich in material for the consideration of those who belittle the differences between England and America. Our navy at the beginning of the War was not overly powerful, not sufficiently powerful, in fact, to deter the British Government from deciding to give its own navy a free hand in suppressing any trade which might in any way redound to Germany's advantage.

Then came the submarine campaign. Germany claimed it was by way of "reprisal" against Britain for her violations of international law. But the United States, a neutral, suffered from the reprisals in exactly the same way that Britain, the enemy, suffered. Furthermore, the British had interfered only with American ships and cargoes. The form of the German campaign resulted in the sacrifice of American lives. Its violation of international law, even though there was some justification for the "reprisal" claim, aroused the resentment against Germany in this country which finally took us into the War on the side of the Allies. It is impossible to say how history would have been changed if we had had in 1915 a navy such as we were acquiring when the Washington Conference was called.

This second of the Supplementary Volumes of *Foreign Relations* covering the special war issues maintains the high standard of the 1914 volume and makes its additional contribution to the documentary the diplomacy of the War. Although are not repeated in the present volume, for the continuance of this admirable ired by Dr. Dennett and Dr. Fuller of Department.

nection with this review the studies of erican relations by Philip Kerr and Walnn, recently published in the SATURDAY REVIEW, *will be found of interest.*)

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Hyperspace

THE LIFE OF SPACE. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON
Harvard University

RELIGIOUS mysticism always commands respect. The affirmation of faith in the last chapter of this book is the one clear element in the author's wanderings through the abstractions of Einsteinean mechanics and non-Euclidean geometry. M. Maeterlinck speaks the language of the mystic with telling effect but makes of the abstract ideas of science nothing more than fantastic nonsense. Through two-hundred pages he conjures with the magic words "fourth dimension," growing more obscure as he proceeds and ending with a confession of total ignorance upon which he founds his belief in God.

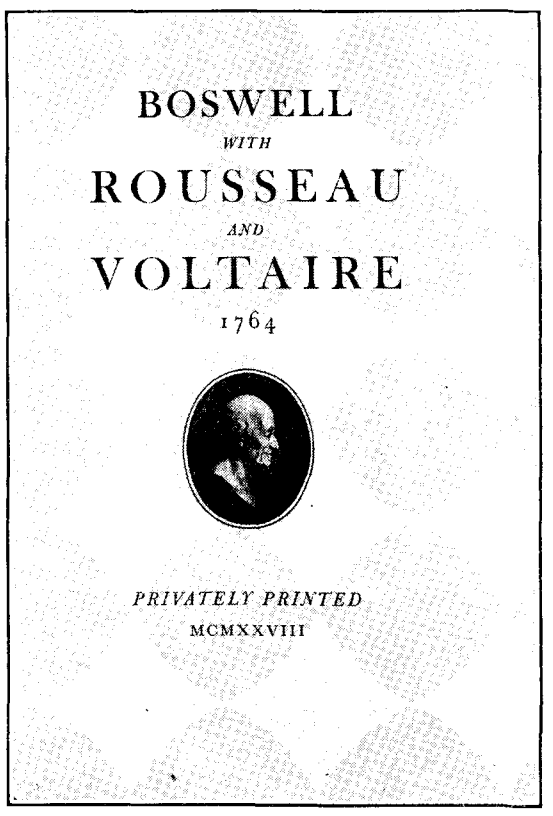
I bow before Him and am silent. The farther I push forward, the farther He withdraws His bounds. The more I reflect, the less I understand. The more I gaze, the less I see, and the less I see, the more certain am I that He exists; for if He does not exist there is nothingness everywhere, and who can conceive that nothingness exists? . . . If in this life I could know or conceive what God is, I would rather that I had never been, for the Universe would be merely an incomprehensible absurdity.

"The Life of Space" seems to have been inspired by Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum," to which M. Maeterlinck frequently refers. The spirit of the two books is the same. Both authors are hypnotized by the idea that time is a fourth dimension of space, upon which they believe the theory of relativity to be built. But the authoritative work on relativity from which M. Maeterlinck quotes, Professor A. S. Eddington's "Space, Time, and Gravitation," makes a different statement even in the passage quoted, "the real three-dimensional world is obsolete, and must be replaced by the four-dimensional space-time with non-Euclidean properties." Neither Professor Eddington nor any other relativity theorist believes that time is a fourth dimension *of space*. It is a fourth dimension of spatio-temporal events, of physical occurences, but not of space alone. The difference is profound. For M. Maeterlinck time becomes a superspace in which our three-dimensional world has its being; the happening which we call time is illusion and unreality. "It would perhaps be simpler to declare at once what is probably the ultimate truth: that eternity, perpetual and universal simultaneity, or the eternal present, is the fourth dimension of space and time— that is, the greater unknown of two terms which comprise only the unknown." For the relativity theorists time is of the stuff of nature. The physical world is a related set of *happenings* within which time has its being. The three dimensions of space are abstractions from the concrete physical facts, which are completely described only when their fourth dimension of happening is taken into account. The concept of time as a fourth dimension of events is precise and verifiable; the concept of time as a fourth dimension of space is vague and contradictory to experience.

* * *

Interesting attempts to represent a fourth dimension of space in imagination have bee
Howard Hinton, an English mathema
whose works M. Maeterlinck draws.
see that this effort of the imagination mi
"months of labor and an intensity of
which often leads to hallucination and
sort of delirium." But it is no trick at
a four, five, or even an *n*-dimensional
series, if we spare ourselves the effort of representing it in imagination. A series consists of objects arranged in an order. Space is a three-dimensional continuous series, that is, the series of points which make a line themselves from series of lines, which are planes, and these again form series of planes, which are cubes. We need only define a series abstractly and then conceive of a series of series, a series of series of series, and so on, as far as we like. There is no reason to stop at four dimensions. These mathematical concepts beyond three dimensions have no counterparts in the sensory world, but they are none the less consistent with themselves and easily understood. M. Maeterlinck argues that since mathematicians can construct such ideas space must be really four-dimensional; though he could equally well argue that it must be nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-dimensional. He explains the three-dimensional appearance of the world through the limitations of our senses. This is no different from holding that anything conceivable, fairyland or Alice's tea-party with the March Hare and the Mad Hatter, must exist and that we need only slough off our inadequate eyes and ears to perceive these things. Not a surprising belief for the author of "The Bluebird!"

The doctrine of "escape into the fourth dimension," preached both by Maeterlinck and Ouspensky, has as much foundation in modern mathematics as a doctrine of escape into Wonderland. The poet's imagination peoples his fictitious hyperspace with strange hyperspatial beings, and finally man himself freed from his three-dimensional body may traverse the interstellar distances and stray into remote worlds. The reader will do well to enjoy M. Maeterlinck's Wonderland and discount his science.



Title-page for Volume IV of the Isham "Boswell."

An Entertaining Trifle

ACCIDENT. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

DESPITE its title and the railway crash from which it derives, this is a perfect book for train reading. Its short chapters give one a sense of covering much ground rapidly, and in the pauses between them one can glance surreptitiously at the snakeskin slippers of the lady over the way with no guilty feeling of betraying one's author. In fact the author's keen eye for the non-essentials of a railway journey and his ability to extract adventure from the least of them, will make even the spiked heels of an invisible neighbor potentially rich in romance.

This novel belongs to Mr. Bennett's lighter moments, those moments when, after dining extremely well at one of the luxurious hotels he so loves to describe, he apparently comes home and beguiles himself between midnight and bedtime by dashing off a few chapters of a "Mr. Prohack" or a "Denry the Audacious." At such times Mr. Bennett writes with gusto and perspicacity, his touch is always competent, sometimes expert, and the things he has to say are very diverting, if not precisely important.

In the present book we follow a successful executive off on a holiday from the moment that he leaves London in a train *de luxe* until he reaches Genoa—after a wreck and various other adventures—in a third-class carriage. Alan Frith-Walter, with his wealth and ease, his kindliness and generosity, his small worries and his not very deep thoughts, sums up pretty fairly about ninety per cent of the successful executives one knows. He has an agreeable habit of shifting his angle of judgment so that the impossible people of his first impressions become quite companionable on second consideration, and, integrity itself in all his financial dealings, he is able to perform miracles even in a train *de luxe* by effectively administering small bribes. Only the head waiter, "at once defiant and intimidated," resists him for a moment: "he had the air of saying that for a tip of fifty francs you could not fairly expect the whole earth."

Usually, however, Mr. Frith-Walter expected the whole earth and got it. For six pounds a week and a sympathetic demeanor he had secured the services of "a creature mysterious and divine," his perfect private secretary. With a sympathetic demeanor—which did not always square with his thoughts—he attempted to placate his daughter-in-law, Pearl, when she unexpectedly appeared on the train and told him that she was running away from his son, Jack, because the boy had gone Labor. " 'But he won't stay Labor,' said Alan at a venture. . . . 'No,' said she, with the very faintest well-bred sneer as she took a fresh cigarette, 'he'll be Communist next.' "

The book proceeds smoothly something like that, and in the end it makes very little difference whether Jack goes Labor and loses Pearl or stays Tory and keeps her. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bennett's solution is more original than either of these possibilities, but he holds his readers' attention less by his plot than by his humorous fooling with people and things—especially things—along the way. Not to be ranked with "The Old Wives' Tale," the Clayhanger trilogy, or "Riceyman Steps," nor even with "Mr. Prohack," "Accident" is nevertheless an entertaining trifle, wise, amusing, and unusually well-written for so slight a venture.

Life and Miss Parker

NETTLE HARVEST. By SYLVIA DENYS HOOKE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS JANE PARKER, born to a realization of the circumscribed existence that was hers on the morning of her forty-fourth birthday and sallying forth on the impulse of the moment to challenge life, adventured richly for a time only to end by plucking the flower, safety, out of the nettle, danger, that was living. Between her sudden impetuous departure from the discreet routine of a quiet London neighborhood and her return to the unamiable amenities of its circle, lay a round of experiences, fantastic, painful, and surprising that would have shocked a less complacent soul into expansion. But Miss Parker came through them affrighted rather than enriched, uncomfortably aware that life for most of mankind was a battle whose aftermath was suffering and guerdon courage to endure the pains of the spirit, but determined to suffocate the uneasiness that stirred within her in the security of mission teas and Cheyslemore Square.

For Miss Parker quailed before life as her excursion into the Hobingdale countryside revealed it, quailed before the fact that life had brought to Anne Leaf, into whose home she stumbled, illness, and a love that could know no fulfilment, and eventually forced renunciation; that to Anne Leaf's brother, wearing the pathos of his mild lunacy as evidence of his mortal hurt, it had meant the fulness of love and the agony of losing it; that to the artist who loved her it had brought a hopeless struggle between a reverent passion and the obligations of an uncongenial marriage; that even to his adolescent daughter it meant pain and turmoil of soul. Life proved too much for Miss Parker; she fled it, and returned to her neat, ordered existence to resume its petty duties and pleasures. She marked her return to its safety by sitting down to a conventional Cheyslemore Square lunch of a new-laid egg and some bread and butter and some tea. And, says Miss Hooke, "she ate the egg solemnly, as if it were a rite like the purification of women after childbirth, cleansing her from the stains and pollutions of her contact with Life."

It is a quiet, but excellent, story that Miss Hooke has written, delicate in its intuitions, subtle in its analysis, and tempering its ironical humor with a sympathy that is ready but not sentimental. Those who enjoy good craftsmanship will follow its chronicle with a pleasure that derives as much from the skilful unfolding of the tale as from the incidents and characters that make its story.

Margaret Carlyle Aitken, a niece of Thomas Carlyle, has presented over seven hundred autographed letters of her uncle to the Scottish National Library.

The archives of Schwyz in Switzerland, among which are documents about the legend of William Tell, and other historical treasures, are to be made accessible to the public.

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A History of Canada

THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE. By G. M. Wrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. 2 vols. $10.50.

Reviewed W. P. M. Kennedy
University of Toronto

THESE two volumes—the first, we believe, of a new history of Canada—are a remarkable and scholarly achievement at the end of a long professional life as public lecturer, teacher, writer of growing accomplishment, and above all as creator and active supporter of some prominent vehicles for historical criticism and learning. Mr. Wrong's achievement is, in addition, all the more remarkable on account of his peculiar conception of his subject. He begins with Marco Polo and we are tossed round the seven seas of exploration. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America pay tribute to the author's pen, and pageants of human endeavor flit across his pages or are so woven into the texture of the story as sometimes to obscure the colonial developments. On first reading, all this produced irritation and annoyance, and left the impression of bad historical perspective, of a certain defect in literary art. To the former we shall return; but we should like at once to point out to new readers who, in the latter connection, may experience similar initial difficulties, that we found during our second reading that Mr. Wrong had conceived his book in a fine, if peculiar, literary manner. He has flung his ideas far out in time and in territory, and then with considerable skill made them gradually converge with illuminating effect on the colonial history. The style, too, is excellent: clear, precise, and effective. There are, here and there, peculiar phrases and peculiar orderings of words which seem to "smell of the lamp," and sententious commonplaces and aphorisms which annoy; but the long and complicated story as the author conceives it is told with sustained effect and progressive success. It affords many opportunities for bias and partisanship. In avoiding these, Mr. Wrong never degenerates into a bald chronicler. He is not afraid to make judgments and they are objective, courteous, and scholarly. The volumes are beautifully printed and admirably indexed, and there are clear and adequate maps.

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It is a fine and interesting story shot through with drama and romance, with ambition and heroism, with comedy and tragedy. For New France was a remarkable experiment. Not merely was an attempt made to reproduce a province of old France in the new world, but the attempt also took on grandiose conceptions—an imperial colony stretching from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico and from Acadia to the mysterious western prairies. Three ideas governed—political absolutism, religious uniformity, institutional paternalism; or rather these three aspects of renaissance sovereignty were brought to bear at the birth of the experiment; they controlled its fairest promise; in some measure they contributed to its failure. Now concepts of this nature need trusted personalities for their application. Where the life and energizing purpose of a colonial plan are derived from above—from authority—and not from below—from the colonists—then reliance must be placed in an emphatic measure on individuals placed in power. Mr. Wrong has grasped this, and his most effective pages are those in which he allows to emerge the characters of governors, bishops, intendants, explorers, and so on. The reader is likely to miss all this. Had we been writing the history we should have begun with a chapter on political absolutism, and should have attempted at once to show how New France and New England had ultimately behind them the same renaissance political principle; but in the one case it was applied in all its stern reality, in the other it was satisfied by a somewhat careless respect for its mercantilist policy. Our plan is obvious, and Mr. Wrong achieves the same result by a more indirect, perhaps more artistic, method; and in filling in, or writing out, the details of personalities, his work discloses with cumulative effect the fundamental conception of the colony. On the other hand, the general reader is likely to overlook this conception; and if he does so, he has, we believe, missed much of significance and importance.

Be that as it may, the volumes abound in interest. The first half of the first volume, even with the help which we have already ventured to suggest in approaching it, is hard and exacting reading. When, however, Mr. Wrong gets into his stride the interest increases. We watch the colony. Is it merely an idea? Is it only a dream? Has it any reality? Are the mountains in birth with the ancient poetic offspring? Before we can answer, Mr. Wrong sweeps us into the magnificent plans of Louis XIV and his ministers. Older ideas are galvanized into life with the impact of newer ambitions; and at long last New France is strong enough to challenge authority over the Indians, to speak in the gate with New England, to be a real factor in North American politics. The visions of the past take concrete form in growing population, in far-flung endeavors, in religious zeal, in political accomplishments. And Mr. Wrong heightens the effect as he brings important men and women on and off the stage. Then a set-back comes. The New Englanders grow active, suspicious, fearsome, and warlike. Europe casts its shadow, and French interest flags. There is a miasma abroad. We fear, and know not what we fear. Death's pale flag is already advanced on the face of the colony, before Mr. Wrong almost tenderly rings down the curtain on what is really an anti-climax of tragedy.

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We have already made some implied criticisms. Before making others, we wish to avoid as far as possible a disease which is rapidly becoming endemic among reviewers—that of telling an author how he should have written his book. Here, however, Mr. Wrong has not helped us, for his rather perfunctory preface does not inform us either of his conception, his plan, or the class of readers for whom he has written. Of the first two we have already said something, and we should only like to add that we miss an account of those aeonian processes which endowed New France with limitless economic possibilities—an account which Mr. Wrong must give somewhere in his later volumes, if he is to explain not merely the prosperity of Canada, but its peculiar economic problems and its natural strength in resisting political absorption by the United States. In addition, in the admirable account of Indian life, we miss any revealing study of its real influences on the white settlers. The Indians had a civilization—what has it contributed to the white man? In connection with the third point we are somewhat at sea. Mr. Wrong, however, seems to fall between two stools. If his volumes are intended for the general reader they are far too long, and they lack the skill and charm of his "George Washington." If they are intended for the scholar and professional historian, they are indeed far from being definitive. For example, the institutional and legal aspects are weak. Nor does Mr. Wrong bring into relief the fur trade and the economic activities of the colony. We do not pass in review as it were, the material balance-sheets—and they are available—of the political experiment. Nor do we see clearly the processes of social disintegration, the growing friction against authority which Murray at once noticed on the fall of the colony, which a few years later perplexed Carleton, when neither priest nor seignior could woo the *habitans* to the general defence of their hearths and homes against the invading American revolutionaries.

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This our most severe criticism. We do not get into the real colonial life. For there is a paradox in it all. Here is an experiment which to all intents and purposes failed. Here are cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces which apparently dissolve with the death of Montcalm and the fall of Montreal. Was there failure? Was there dissolution? What silent growth was there, what deep-based pertinacity of purpose, what secret processes of stability which in truth made New France one of the great successes in colonial history. It preserved its cultural life. It preserved its racial, religious, and national cohesion. It dictated terms to the fathers of Canadian federation in 1864. Today, this child of absolutism, this heir to the apathy born of paternalism meets its peers in the halls of legislative and executive and judicial debate, and at times lays down national policies. In a degree, a captive race has taken captive its proud conqueror. New France did not rise and fall: it fell and in truth it rose. There is something more in the history of New France than Mr. Wrong has given us; and it is that something, which to miss, is to miss the deeper and more abiding meaning of the history.

Our Invisible Government

PROPAGANDA. By Edward L. Bernays. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Earnest Elmo Calkins

IT is probable that Americans visiting Rome before the war saw the now common word "propaganda" for the first time on a large building near the Spanish Steps, the "Collegio di Propaganda Fede." Mr. Bernays cites this great Catholic missionary society to show how innocuous the word propaganda really is. It acquired its invidious significance during the World War, and then it was always the enemy who used propaganda. What the Allies did was the legitimate promulgation of a righteous cause. The war taught us the new possibilities of moulding public opinion, improved the machinery, and transformed the old-time press agent into the modern public relations counsel, whose clients are colleges, cathedrals, corporations, societies, and even nations.

Of this profession Mr. Bernays is one of the shining ornaments. His array of achievements, as chronicled on the dust jacket of his book, is a formidable one, ranging from press agent of the Russian ballet to public relations counsel for Lithuania. He shows us how we all take our cues from a few key men and women, "whom to admire and whom to despise, what to believe about the ownership of public utilities, about the tariff, about the price of rubber, about the Dawes plan, about immigration; who tells us how our houses should be designed, what furniture to put in them, what kind of menus we should serve on our table, what kind of shirts we must wear, what sports we should indulge in, what plays we should see, what charities we should support, what pictures we should admire, what slang we should affect, what jokes we should laugh at." These men are the president, his cabinet, senators and congressmen, labor leaders, directors of powerful corporations, a hundred newspapers and magazine editors, fifty authors, and heads of fifty charitable institutions, twenty movie magnates, a hundred fashion leaders, and clergymen, college presidents, and sports stars galore. Thus the majority is governed by a small minority. The propaganda is often unpremeditated, as when Irene Castle sets all the women to bobbing their hair. But it is with premeditated propaganda that Mr. Bernays is concerned. Conscious direction is given to events that ultimately make news, and many of these purposes are worthy ones. Half the front-page stories in a recent New York *Times* were propaganda and not spontaneous happenings, but news inspired by those wishing to get over certain ideas and thus make up the minds of the unthinking millions.

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Analyzing all this, the author shows how the public relations counsel uses the same machinery in behalf of his clients, using all methods of communication which modern invention has greatly multiplied—speech, print and picture, radio and moving picture, and this new influence, personality, whereby a Lindbergh becomes an ambassador of good will. He shows how the old-time town meeting, once the only medium for the exchange of ideas, has been expanded by swift communication, so that a speech delivered to a small group in camera may be listened to by millions. He sees the new propaganda utilized not only by business and politics, but by education, science and art, woman's activities, and social service.

News takes such forms today that mere publication of some of it is bound to benefit somebody. The mere announcement of a new invention or discovery lays the foundation for somebody's fortune. Unconscious propaganda has always existed and always will exist. The new propaganda merely avails itself of leadership and machinery already existing and functioning and guides and directs it. Mr. Bernay's story of the way the public's mind is made up for it is a highly entertaining book, and as it is copiously documented with modern instances, most of which the reader will undoubtedly recognize, it is equally an informative one.

Edward Thompson, dramatist, poet, novelist, and an authority on India, once wrote the following amusing epitaph for himself:—

Stranger, if passing by you seek to learn
What man was he whose ashes fill this urn,
Know: there's a ghost remembers how by Styx
He marched with Maude; was with the few who first
The embattled sandhills of Samara burst;
And once hit Faulkner over the ropes for six.

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The Bowling Green

Title Passes

IT is sad to reflect that the opportunities for self-education so far outrun one's capacity. Why, I often wonder, should anyone worry about not being able to go to college, or subscribe to correspondence courses, when he may have gratis whole carloads of auctioneers' and booksellers' catalogues? The rudiments of literature and history, for example, which I was sent to college to study, I was too green to grasp; but I have picked up an honest smattering since, mostly by suggestions in catalogues. As Melville said of the whaling ships, so I can truly say of the Anderson Galleries and the American Art Association, they have been "my Yale College and my Harvard." Such intuitions of taste as I may have formed in the matter of furniture or pictures, such sprinklings of information in history or bibliography, are due largely to faithful study of those unending series of catalogues. Unknown benefactors, the stockholders of those gallant athenea, those dioscuri of culture, have spent a great deal to keep me supplied with catalogues, the textbooks of my illumination. It is decent that I should mention my gratitude, and sometimes report what looks to me like progress.

* * *

Particularly I enjoy a catalogue (such as a recent one of the American Art Association) where the identity of the seller is not divulged. Then, brooding over the contents of his collection, to speculate on his character and tastes is as pleasant as reading a detective story. The catalogue before me is that of the "Superb Library of A Prominent New York Theatrical Man." Perhaps the disasters of the current season on Broadway account for the sale. Or perhaps he concluded, as many a Theatrical Man has had to, that he had no time for Standard Authors as he ought to be spending all his time reading scripts. What a theme for an essayist, by the way, would be the mysterious fate of play-scripts. What becomes of them, and what dark magic is it that makes them so dilatory in getting read? Why are they never by any chance returned, and why are almost all of them the fifth or sixth carbon copy? One day I was having breakfast with a famous stage director in his hotel bedroom, and some argument arose about an old play which we vaguely remembered. In the zeal of the moment he leaped out of bed and went to open a large trunk which accompanies him everywhere. I watched with interest, expecting in my Bœotian way to see layer on layer of the lively dressing gowns and well pressed morning coats which keep artists happy. The trunk was full to the brim of scripts. There, in the various colored cardboard bindings affected by the different agencies, the yellow, the red, the blue so familiar to all producers, there they were in hundreds. Now I know what happens to scripts. Managers keep them and travel round with them.

* * *

But we were speaking of Prominent T. M. whose library was sold. He must have had plenty of house-room for there were the most incredible number of complete sets, which always looks very suspicious to the student. The Navarre Society, and the enterprising George Barrie in Philadelphia, and other lively brokers of vellum certainly got into him in fine style. Few of the items traditional in such libraries were missing. Paul de Kock was there in blue and ochre morocco, and Robert Ingersoll in crushed levant; Victor Hugo in 41 volumes with "doublures of marbled calf, white watered silk fly-leaves, gilt tops." Horrible! The only thing I can't understand is how T. M. escaped having a set of Casanova unloaded on him.

These endless sets of solid morocco give one much to meditate. I rather envy T. M. his 50 volumes of the Yale Press's "Chronicles of America" because I suspect there's a lot of good reading in them; but such a perspective of yards and yards of Britannica and Carlyle and Dumas and John Fiske and Eugene Field and Flaubert and Gibbon and Grote begin to appal. The "Astral" edition of Wilde with "floriated gilt backs, crimson morocco doublures, fly-leaves of white moiré," would undoubtedly have pleased Oscar; but what does Walt Whitman think of himself in "old-rose morocco, fillet and dentelle borders in gilt, old-rose watered silk fly-leaves?" Among these Winter Garden trimmings occasionally a human voice is heard. In a set of Mark Twain we find a letter of Mark's tipped in, which says: "I can't do no literary work the rest of this year because I'm meditating another lawsuit and looking around for a defendant." Always in these catalogues I ponder the inevitable set of Burton's Arabian Nights, printed in Benares by the Kamashastra Society for Private Subscribers Only. The innocent old Arabian Nights I frequented in youth had been briskly surgeoned, and I always pause upon the cataloguer's discreet allusions to Explanatory Notes on the Manners and Customs of Moslem Men, and "anthropological data of the most strange and private nature." I used to wonder how much wages were paid to proofreaders in Benares, and thought it might be amusing to get into correspondence with the editorial staff of the Kamashastra Society. But I became discouraged, because years ago I wandered by chance into a second-storey bookshop that specializes in curiosa, and found it a very tedious place. Besides I am not entirely ignorant of the Moslem view of life for I have a friend who has told me about night clubs in Weehawken.

* * *

In T. M.'s catalogue I also came across an author we don't often hear of, George M. W. Reynolds. There are twenty volumes of him, in "midnight-blue morocco." He was "privately printed for Members of the Oxford Society," whose headquarters

PIERRE'S
The uncomfortable, if not bourgeoise, position of Mr. Alfred A. Knopf who - sneaking a Crime Club Book home one evening, met on Park Avenue three prominent admirers of Borzoi Books -
Mrs Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and Princess Mayorskaya

however were not anywhere near the Isis but in Boston. Some of George M. W. Reynolds's frontispieces, the catalogue says, were COLORED BY HAND. One of his books is "Lady Saxondale's Crimes," in 5 volumes; I should love to hear from anyone who has read it or will tell me about Reynolds. What has he done to deserve midnight-blue morocco?

T. M.'s library was not all of this proterve tinge by any means: there were some very fine things in it, though one can't help feeling they got there rather haphazard; and to murder rare old first editions by rebinding them in these morocco monkey tricks is happily a craze gone by. I forgive him everything for having a set of Thoreau. But there is much in the annotation of his collection that makes one realize what has been wrong with the Broadway theatre.

* * *

There were several other catalogues, on which I had been spending a happy evening and meant to divulge my discoveries, but space begins to contract. There was one in which I found letters and documents which gave me a more human picture of George Washington than I had ever before realized. How delightful it is to find his bold autograph on the title-page of his copy of Oliver Goldsmith's "History of the Earth and Animated Nature." Delightful too to learn that one of his agents or secretaries was called Battaile Muse. Muse, it appears, kept the accounts of Washington's estate; among the items in February, 1788 I find:

> By William Collings for rent due the 25th day of Dec. last, Ten Pounds—also 9/ for Land Tax on Lott No. 4—The arrears on this Lott is due by one Baty who run away.

And how very inferior, compared to George's fine script and vigorous phrase, was the humble handwriting of Martha Washington's first husband, Dan Custis.

Who does not have a pleasant tingling to see a facsimile of a manuscript record of Ben Franklin's examination before Parliament in London in 1766, when he was questioned about the Stamp Act? Is there not something very characteristic in it:—

> Q. What is your name and place of abode?
> A. Franklin of Philadelphia.
> Q. Are not the Colonies from their Circumstances; very able to pay the Stamp Duty?
> A. In my Opinion there is not Gold and Silver enough in the Colonies to pay the Stamp Duty for one Year.
> Q. Do not you think the People of America would submit to pay the Stamp Duty if it was moderated?
> A. No: never unless compelled by force of Arms!
> Q. What was the Temper of America towards Great Britain before the Year 1763?
> A. The best in the World. They submitted willingly to the Government of the Crown. . . . They were governed by this Country, at the expense only of a little Pen, Ink, & Paper. They were led by a Thread. . . .
> Q. And what is their Temper now?
> A. O, very much altered.

* * *

There are many surprising stories and human eavesdroppings to be found in these catalogues. My eye fell upon this little note signed by Judge Mountain, executor of the late Mayor Raymond of Newark, whose books were sold this week at the Anderson Galleries:—

> I give you the books of a man who drove the administrative forces of a large city by day and who sought the solitude of his library with weary, drooping shoulders at eventide. Into that library came only his friends. To enter his house was to enter another world, to dine amidst exquisite crystal and silver, to examine dainty etchings, to pore over first editions or examples of fine printing. Many of these books have been read aloud, many have been tenderly caressed. They were chosen with a fine discrimination.
>
> The owner of these books was an astute politican and an executive of wide vision, yet for almost forty years at spare moments he patiently designed and painted miniature church models, accurate in the most minute particulars.

And there is something that always catches the mind off guard in that phrase I find in the Conditions of Sale:—"Title passes upon the fall of the auctioneer's hammer."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

We quote the following from the *Nation and Athenæum* of London:

"*The Irish Statesman*, the scholarly and independent journal edited by Mr. G. W. Russell (A.E.), has recently been involved in a libel action arising out of a book review, and has been obliged to spend a very large sum on the costs of defence. No less than £2,500 is said to be required, and this expenditure jeopardizes the existence of the paper which has done and is doing so much for the cause of enlightenment of Ireland. We are very glad to see, therefore, that a number of distinguished Irishmen and Irishwomen, representing divergent views, are appealing to the thinking public to join them in coming to the aid of the *Irish Statesman* and its reviewer, by helping them to defray their costs. Among the signatories to the appeal are Lord Lansdowne, Lady Gregory, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Robert Lynd. Readers of A.E.'s remarkable article on the Irish Censorship, in a recent issue of *The Nation*, will have no doubt of the importance of preserving the organ which he controls in Ireland."

The treasurers of the fund being raised are Professor D. A. Binchy, 26 Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin, and Senator Mrs. A. Stopford Green, 90 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Contributions may be sent to either of the above.

Writing of the present popularity of Maurois in France, *John O'London's Weekly* says:

"People probably buy the books of Pierre Benoît more freely than those of André Maurois. But in French drawing-rooms your hostess does not ask you: "Have you read Benoît's latest book?" There was a time when Benoît was indeed talked about in *salons*: now he is simply read.

"But Maurois—it is not enough to read him, you are expected to discuss him. He is taken seriously. He is analyzed. You are out of the swim if you cannot express an intelligent opinion about 'Climats,' his new autumn novel. 'Climats' is placed conspicuously on the little book-table in every *salon*. It is the passport to good breeding. It is the touchstone of literary judgment. If you confess ignorance of it, if you profess dislike, you are looked at askance, you are an eccentric or a boor. Maurois writes for an elegant, cultivated world, and the more elegant and cultivated you are the more you swear by Maurois. This incidentally implies large sales, for whatever is accepted by the cultivated world is taken up by an ever-widening circle of semi-cultivated or would-be cultivated folk."

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John Ruskin's Tragedy

JOHN RUSKIN has qualified for the status of "Eminent Victorian" in an exceedingly thorough manner. He lived in a prodigious fame. Not many miles of bookshelves and of picture galleries, but the configuration of whole towns stand to his glory and shame. Three generations have hailed him alternatively as the absolute arbiter of taste and best enlightener of the human spirit, or as the most distressing bore and prig who ever existed.

More than Tennyson's, Carlyle's, Browning's, Herbert Spencer's, or Morris's, Ruskin's view of the good and the beautiful dominated the cultured life of his country for a generation. Of painting he was king. For instance, in one of his notes in the *Times* he remarked that apple-blossom was a subject worthy of a painter's brush: next year the walls of the Academy blushed pink.

The visible events of his career are plain. His works, collected and collated, and each of them prefaced by a biographical study, stand in thirty-six immense volumes in Messrs. Cook & Wedderburn's incomparable Library Edition. Besides this monument, this tomb of the Pharaohs, there exist two full-dress two-volume biographies. Every diarist of his time has something to say of Ruskin: contemporary newspapers were full of him. He himself was "the author of eighty distinct works." Comments, impressions, books of elegant extracts and appreciations stand in support: they are from hands as eminent and as diverse as those of Marcel Proust, Bernard Shaw, Alice Meynell, A. C. Benson, and Hall Caine. And yet (the conclusion is hard to avoid), all these accounts of Ruskin do not make sense.

Now portentous and monumental effigies (whether they be statues or reputations) that do not make sense, constitute a challenge; and that is perhaps why so many eminent persons have nibbled at Ruskin. Alice Meynell said he was unhappy because he could not fully renounce the world; Shaw says he out-Bolshevized Lenin and Karl Marx; Proust says he was the most exquisite observer and recorder of natural beauty who ever lived.

* * *

What comes out very clearly, from whatever source we get our information, is that there was something about the living man himself that was at once challenging and appealing. I have talked with a number of people who knew Ruskin, especially at the time when, as an oldish man and when as an old man, he was Slade Professor at Oxford. My father, St. Loe, was one of these Strachey eye-witnesses: Mr. Graham Wallace, Sir Michael Sadler, Mrs. Holman Hunt, Miss Violet Hunt, and a painter uncle of mine were others.

They all tell the same tale. Ruskin had a voice more beautiful than any voice they ever heard, except perhaps Ellen Terry's: he had the oddest and most vivid blue eyes: he was quick in movement like a starling, or sometimes he would hunch himself like a sick bird: sometimes he looked uncommonly wild, sometimes unhappy. All agree with Shaw and Proust that he was a great man. Even, said his contemporaries, with Gladstone or Darwin in the room —let alone the Brownings or Matthew Arnold or Jowett or William Morris—you felt Ruskin as *the* great man. When he lectured, and launched at last into one of his famous perorations, a room full of Oxford undergraduates would be held quite still for a full minute after he had ended.

But more than half the questions that the modern reader wants to ask remain unanswered. Why did he lose his first love? Why did his wife run away from him? Why was he so unhappy? Why was he so worshipped and flattered and admired? Why did he run so uneasily up and down Europe, on a sort of train line between Herne Hill and Venice? Why could he never work with anybody? Why did he turn Socialist? Why did he love, and having loved why did he lose, that beautiful child, Rose La Touche? Why did she die of grief? Why, in an age of Grand Old Men and of Prime Ministers of eighty (like "Dizzy" and Gladstone), did Ruskin begin to lose ground in his prime —(soon after he was fifty), and die at last, having been mad for twenty years?

The old, voluminous, direct accounts of Ruskin do not make all this hang together. As a recent critic in the *Times* has said: "As long as our eyes are fixed on the best parlor, there is no sense to be made of Ruskin." Indeed, after a protracted study of the thirty-six volumes, and of a great deal else beside, it becomes clear that we must follow Ruskin into his nursery if anything coherent is to be made of that strange drama, his life—a piece that was played out before a row of gas-lamps and in much pomp of outward decorum and publicity. "It is," he said of it himself, "an exquisite piece of tragedy altogether, rather like Lear in a ludicrous commercial sort of way."

* * *

But beware! To follow Ruskin into the nursery, to see him absurd in his cradle, to watch him trot up the long garden at Herne Hill, to see him fall in love as a gawky boy of sixteen, to see him blush and tremble at a first view of the Alps, to see fame and disappointment settle one on each shoulder, to watch both fame and disappointment grow and grow till they half crush him, to see a sort of horror seize him, to watch the brilliant mind whose hopes we have known, struggle awhile with its enemies and then give way, and finally, to see the repose of extreme old age, is to grow to love Ruskin. We shall feel for him, begin to see in his life a sort of epitome, some general truth about those frail sons of men who are idealists. Or perhaps it is a truth about all men —one of those truths that is housed in almost any long story told in the country over the fire, or else succinctly in a proverb. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Perhaps it is only in defeat that the soul finds herself: perhaps the bright hopes with which the child sets out are always more mortal than its life. Perhaps the shipwreck that Ruskin suffered is our shipwreck.

Anyhow, be the truth what it may, do not follow his story if you still want to dismiss Ruskin as a futile fellow or a pompous old bore.

I have myself, in a forthcoming book, tried to trace the tale at length. Now, having shut the books, it is as if I were moving about among all these events and persons, and wondering which to choose of them all—the rich accumulation of a long life—in order that Ruskin shall stand visible on the page, small and yet distinct.

Certainly there is no getting Ruskin clear unless we first get his parents, James and Margaret Ruskin in focus, and it is a sore temptation to go back yet another generation. James and Margaret Ruskin were cousins: she was the daughter of a sea captain, and her widowed mother kept the King's Head Inn at Croydon. James's father was a wine merchant in Edinburgh, an old man who lived high and embroiled his business. The two could not marry till they were almost middle-aged, because James's sense of duty compelled him to pay his father's debts. James was very cultivated, and would have liked to follow the arts, but had had to see to this wretched business instead.

He and Margaret were pious people, and they had been obliged to lead a hard life. So in 1819 when their only child was born, they determined that he should lead a soft one. They had gone hungry for beauty and culture; they determined that John should have his fill. But it was to be their sort of beauty, and their sort of culture.

Every day he and his mother read the Bible together, verse and verse about; she small and erect in a white cap and wide maroon dress, John very dutiful on a stool at her feet. At first he is a child hardly able to pronounce the words, then he is a tall, wispy boy of twelve, then an awkward lad of sixteen suffering acutely in his first love affair. But his mother never changes, but sits there composed and upright. When Revelation is ended, they go back to Genesis.

They saw very few people, and all Ruskin's accomplishments were long-range affairs. By the time he fell in love with a Parisian girl who came to stay in the house, he was writing for "Friendship's Offering" and the like. But at close range, he was awkward, sensitive, and haughty without meaning to be. He complains bitterly that he was taught no manners: he was only taught not to be tiresome in company, which proved a very different thing. Years after he had become something of a public character as a writer (he made his name when he was an undergraduate) he remained hopelessly shy and awkward in company.

The almost incredible conduct of his parents is a feature of the next stage in his career. They thought it necessary that he should go up to Oxford, though he had never been away to school, but they went with him! Mrs. Ruskin was established in lodgings in the High, and there every week-end, leaving the sherry business in Billiter Street, James Ruskin joined them. *Solitude à trois*, Mr. Benson (in his study of Ruskin) calls it.

Ruskin tried again and again all his life to pour out his soul at the feet of some girl. There is an endless history of Adeles, Charlottes, and Miss Wardells, Kates and Ursulas; while the two chief tragedies of his life, his marriage to Euphemia Gray, whom he rather disliked, and his refusal when he was over fifty by Rose La Touche, were all incidents in the drama of his attempted escape from a situation which first hardened into grotesqueness at Oxford.

For this family life, this *solitude à trois*, was a glass prison. Its form bent all Ruskin's motions as surely as the swimimng of a goldfish is shaped by the bowl in which it lives. Ruskin was so early famous that he had little more privacy than the fish, and like the fish he moved in a different element from the creatures that surrounded him. Almost every aspect of his life shows the combined vehemence and superficiality that mark the outsider who is yet a lynx-eyed observer.

Holman Hunt and Ruskin's biographer, Sir E. T. Cook, both agree that his ill-fated marriage to his kinswoman, Euphemia Gray, was chiefly of his mother's making, and that Margaret's motive was to ensure his choice falling on someone really suitable. He had twice been so ill-advised as to want to marry Papists, the French girl and Scott's grand-daughter, Charlotte Lockhart. By firmly telling him that his feeling for Euphemia "was of a tender nature" and that he had better marry her directly, "Margaret Ruskin hoped to gain a daughter rather than lose a son."

John protested that he had never loved her, but at last, ever obedient, he went through a form of marriage with cousin Effie. Nature, however, was not to be forced beyond the form. The marriage, which lasted for six years, was never consummated; and in the end Euphemia fell in love with John Millais, had her marriage annulled, and married him. Ruskin in 1854 at thirty-five, was back with the old *solitude à trois*.

* * *

Now to the neurologist or the psycho-analyst, this may perhaps seem no uncommon tale. There is the dominating mother and there are the irrepressed parents who seek to identify themselves with the child who fails to emancipate himself. But actually this story has one unusual feature. Ruskin was a man of genius. He came to realize what had happened to him: he came to the conclusion that the failures and unhappiness that dogged him, were ultimately traceable to James and Margaret and their determination to live in their son.

When he was away from them, he was expected to write or telegraph to his parents every day. If we pick up one of these daily letters, written when he was forty-four and famous, we may find its contents startling.

> Men ought to be severely disciplined and exercised in the sternest way in daily life (he wrote to his father)—they should learn to lie on stone beds and eat black soup, but they should never have their hearts broken. . . . The two terrific mistakes which Mama and you involuntarily fell into, were the exact reverse of this *in both* ways—you fed me effeminately and luxuriously to that extent that I actually now could not travel in rough countries without taking a cook with me!—But you thwarted me in all the earnest fire of passion and life.

Ruskin would have been no true Victorian if a great deal of his unhappiness had not taken on the guise of religious doubt. He had been taught a narrow evangelicalism by his mother, who was, as has been suggested, a proud, stupid, and tenacious woman. When at last, in spite of her and in spite of his father, he did grow up intellectually if not emotionally, this religion failed him. Yet it was, in his efforts to make what he had been taught about

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by Amabel Williams-Ellis

Christianity operative, that he turned to socialism, and to some extent pacifism.

His father's body is lying dead upstairs, and a fall of snow has muffled the sound of wheels outside the house in Dulwich; and the sherry merchant's old friends write to his son and say that they would like to show their respect by coming to the funeral. The convention irks Ruskin.

People think it respectful to see their friends buried. To me, it is, as it always has been of late years, one universal puzzle. To see you Christians as gay as larks while nothing touches you in your own affairs or friends—watching thousands of people massacred and tortured—helping to do it—selling them guns to shoot each other with, and talking civilities and protocols to men who are walking up to their loins in human blood. Presently God knocks you on the head with a coffin's end, and you suddenly perceive that something has gone wrong—scratch your heads—say—"Dear me—here's one of *my* friends dead—really the world is a very sad world. How very extraordinary! let me improve the occasion!" You are funny people—*vous autres*. I wish you were not coming or would not come tomorrow, for you are real friends.

Ruskin composed his father's epitaph. It is a moving study in omissions.

Here rests from day's well-sustained burden,
JOHN JAMES RUSKIN
born in Edinburg, May 18th, 1785.
He died in his home in London, March 3rd, 1864.
He was an entirely honest merchant,
and his memory is, to all who keep it, dear and helpful.
His son, whom he loved to the uttermost
and taught to speak truth, says this of him.

The omissions in this lapidary essay are not, we can be sure, accidental. If Ruskin does not say that he loved his father, it was because he did not mean to say it. He was a master of style and his words always clothed his meaning exactly.

It has been suggested that contact with real life always eluded Ruskin. He married a beautiful girl, but never consummated the marriage. He visited Paris in 1848, and was merely shocked by the barricades. He became a Communist and lived in the same city as Marx and Engels, and never got to know them. He was the patron and champion of the pre-Raphaelite movement, but never really entered their cheerful, Bohemian society.

It was only in the worlds of visible form and of words that Ruskin moved free and unfettered, loosed from his cheated body and heart. It is impossible to read the pieces of natural description in "Modern Painters," or "Stones of Venice," without agreeing with Marcel Proust that here was one of the greatest masters of observation and expression that ever lived. Proust lauds him to the skies: praises his matchless discrimination, his delicate touch, his vivid sense of color; his ability to bring the whole perfume of meadow-grass or of a climatic zone before the reader.

Turner had set himself to paint "the deep open sea" with his brush. Ruskin will do no less with his pen. May I recall a familiar passage to the reader?

It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, not local, but a low, broad, heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath, after the torture of the storm.

His familiar, his tender, or comically irascible styles are just as effective. He likes to write grotesque and grumbling letters to Charles Eliot Norton in Massachusetts. Norton always understands.

This letter expresses a mood felt just before he came out with his political reflections. He had become a political thinker who realized, as clearly as the Marxians or the world of modern high finance, that it is the economic structure of a country rather than its form of government that affects the life of the people. The "one more howl" took shape as "Unto This Last," perhaps the most limpid political tract ever written.

I live the life of an old lady in a houseful of wicked children. But people were meant to be able to give quiet pieces of advice to each other and show, without any advice, how things should be done properly (such as they had gift and liking for). But people were never meant to be always howling and bawling the right road to a generation of drunken cabmen, their heads up through the trapdoor of the hansom, faces all over mud—no right road to be got upon after all—nothing but a drunken effort at turning, ending in ditch. I hope to get just one more howl executed, from which I hope great effects—upon the Moon—and then, see if I don't take to Kennel and Straw, comfortably. . . .

You are almost the only friend I have left (1859). I mean the only friend who understands or feels with me. I've a good many Radical half-friends, but I'm not a Radical and they quarrel with me. Then all my Tory friends think me worse than Robespierre. Rossetti and the P. R. B. are all gone crazy about the "Morte d'Arthur." I don't believe in Evangelicalism—and my Evangelical (once) friends now look upon me with as much horror as on one of the possessed Gennesaret pigs. Nor do I believe in the Pope—and some Roman Catholic friends, who had great hopes of me, think I ought to be burned. . . . . I haven't made up my mind what to fight for—whether, for instance, people ought to live in Swiss cottages and sit on three-legged and one-legged stools; whether people ought to dress well or ill; whether ladies ought to tie their hair in beautiful knots; whether Commerce or Business of any kind be an invention of the Devil or not; whether Art is a Crime or only an Absurdity; whether Clergymen ought to be multiplied or exterminated by arsenic, like rats.

Ruskin had, too, like so many Victorians, a very pretty turn for political invective. Later (in that fascinating fragment of autogiography, "Praeterita") he dropped all the stiffening out of his prose, and we have pages that might have been written by Sterne or James Joyce or Virginia Woolf. Grammar is overleaped, and, up at some perilous height of experiment, we see Ruskin juggling. He has three or four meanings in the air at once, all flashing and illusive. Then—outside reason and grammar—they are triumphantly caught and flung onto the page.

By the winter of 1866 his father was dead, Euphemia held John Millais's children at her breast, but Margaret Ruskin still ruled Ruskin's house. Ruskin was nearly fifty, but he had fallen in love again—this time with Rose La Touche, a girl who was still almost a child, and over whom he had watched ever since she was nine.

Her mother and father had confided her education in the arts to Ruskin, he had been free of her nursery. Now, when she was eighteen, he offered himself as a suitor, and they forbade him the house.

The tragedy is as smothered as if it had been composed by Corneille or Racine, and even today it is obscure. Her parents are said to have told Rose that Ruskin was an immoral man and that therefore she should not see him. (He was going through a phase of religious doubt.) Another explanation is that the parents assured themselves that Ruskin's physical condition made marriage impossible, and that it was thus kindest to break off as soon as possible.

Another explanation, and one which is supported by certain still unpublished evidence, is that Mrs. La Touche, the girl's mother, was herself in love with Ruskin, and had always hoped and pretended that Ruskin's affection for the child was a subterfuge, or as we might say today, a sublimation. She hoped it was her that he loved. When his formal declaration of his love for Rose came, she was deeply chagrined, and her jealousy and disappointment turned her against Ruskin altogether. This is the explanation which I believe to be the true one.

What at any rate is clear, is that between her elders—between this formidable lover and her beautiful mother (who was always in the right—Rose's life was pulled to pieces. She could not make up her mind either to marry Ruskin against her parents' wills, nor yet to refuse the lonely, unhappy man outright. The situation was intolerable to her, and as a beautiful girl in her twenties she died, worn out by the conflict.

"I had just got some pressing work done," Ruskin writes to Carlyle, "with other worldliness, and was away into the meadows, to see clover and bean blossom, when the news came that the little story of my Wild Rose was ended, and the hawthorn blossoms would fall this year—over her."

With Rose's death in 1875 Ruskin lost his last hope of personal happiness. He was as famous as ever, his word was once more law in the arts, and the eclipse that he had suffered on first declaring himself a socialist, was over. He was rich, he held an Oxford professorship, his books lay in every drawing-room and every studio in England, his pen shook the walls of the Academy, buildings in the styles of architecture he had advocated rose all about him, princes and princesses were his pupils, and his name was a household word. But now he had no more hope of happiness.

When he is fifty-nine, Ruskin has a long period of being downright admittedly mad. At last, in the 'eighties, the attacks of mania crowd quickly one upon another: Ruskin is defeated, spent, exhausted, and only half alive. Finally there comes the last period—the sad eleven years of waiting for death.

But Ruskin's was a strong spirit. Again and again in the last years, that spirit flashes out into uncommon brightness. If he could not save himself, if experience is a light that only shines on the tossing wake of the ship, Ruskin can shout to us through the storm in a mighty voice. He is Captain Ahab, pursuing he knows not what spirit of evil—what white whale—a being, like Ahab himself, possessed by he knows not what strange genius.

It is an old tragedy: the human spirit is at war, tossed hither and thither, suffering, defying, and in the end, perishing. This time the tale is told not by Herman Melville, but by a Racine. Everything is suppressed. There is no fine expressive backcloth of towering seas and tattered cloud. Everything is trivial: the light is not that of a storm gleam, but of a row of gas lamps. The elements are stilled: they tell us nothing about the passions and conflicts that are raging.

Yet here, in a suburban drawing-room, by Rose's deathbed, or on the moors at Brantwood, these passions and uncertainties are able to tear as cruelly as the fury of a whale, and to overwhelm as surely as that terrible sea into which Melville has externalized them.

When the story is set in utrecht velvet, when the tragedy is enacted "between a Turkey carpet and a Titian" (to borrow Ruskin's words) there creeps in an element of satire, delicately barbing the arrows of fate. The cultured Victorians tried to fence themselves from the tragic and the terrible. By never mentioning this, by hushing up that, and sliding over the other, the well-bred, quiet-voiced, rich *intelligentsia* of England and America, tried to make ladies of the Fates. They made their little genteel jokes, and were so cultivated. Surely destiny would not have the heart to "hit them over the head with a coffin end"? At least they could see to it that their tragedies should be all muted by the upholsterers. In the 'eighties it is bad form for the victim on the rack of doubt, failure, and despair, to cry out: if he does, his voice is drowned, not in kettle-drums, but in plush.

But for all that, before he died, exhausted, a pale simulacrum in a bath-chair, Ruskin did cry out. He could and he did speak and call. There is a note of genuine passion: we hear the authentic voice. Every month in *Fors Clavigera*—a sort of strange, mad, eloquent miscellany—Ruskin poured out his heart, his sense of the futility of genteel society (the "great picnic party," as he called it), his sense of the sufferings of man.

But as far as they could his friends hushed everything up. Perhaps they were right. The public was rich and pitiless, hedged about with crinolines and the five per cents. So the "pious hands" held the veil extended. They pretended that poor, mad Ruskin's old age was one of gentlemanly and honored leisure. So we have the conventional Ruskin legend. Perhaps they were right.

"We cry and cry," his friend Manning wrote to him, "but the nineteenth century looks upon us as deaf and impassive as the young Memnon." But perhaps our more pitiful age may be allowed to look behind the convention, and see Ruskin not as an Eminent Victorian but as a man like ourselves, but raised both in sorrow and beauty a little above mortal stature.

* * *

Amabel Williams-Ellis, author of the foregoing study of Ruskin, is the daughter of the late St. Loe Strachey, and is herself a writer whose work has attracted attention. In 1927 her novel, "Wall of Glass," was issued by George H. Doran, and there has this week come from the press of Doubleday, Doran a biography of Ruskin entitled "The Exquisite Tragedy" of which the article printed above is an after-product.

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Books of Special Interest

A Travel Diary

THE PILGRIMAGE OF BUDDHISM. By JAMES B. PRATT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

HERE is another "Travel Diary of a Philosophy"—less egoistic if less profound. The author of this large and interesting book has made pilgrimages to the Far East and to India which have already yielded good fruit. He is known as a trained observer, as a teacher of philosophy, and as a sympathetic student of the religions of Asia. During several sabbatical years he has seized the opportunity to visit the temples, and to meet the leaders of Buddhism. This is an interesting and often a fascinating thing to do. There is the strangeness of intellectual and physical landscape; there are the mighty works of civilization throughout the ancient East; there is the growing conviction that Buddhism has been not only the vehicle by which the heritage of India has been carried from her shores to the other countries of Asia, but a most potent factor in their civilization. To the religious observer there is the growing sense of spiritual kinship between the followers of this great faith and Christianity, and a desire to enter more fully into the experiences of the saints of Buddhism. All this Dr. Pratt has seen and felt and he writes well—as a rule. There are many passages which make this an attractive travel-book for all who desire a general introduction to a vast and intricate subject; and it would certainly help to make a tour in the Orient really fascinating and worthwhile; for its main purpose is to reveal Buddhism as a living religion.

The student of Buddhism will find much to interest him in the early chapters which deal with the Founder, his teachings, and the development of Buddhist philosophy. While they contain nothing very new and some things which could be debated at length—for example the statement "that Buddha was primarily a moral teacher"—they are a useful survey of western scholarship, which gains in color and in insight from the author's personal contact with Buddhists. Too many books are written which lack reality because the writer knows the books and not the people. Dr. Pratt knows the books, at any rate in translation, and the people at any rate through interpreters, and for all this and for three dollars worth of voluminous and often picturesque information, the general public must be grateful to him and to the publisher. The reviewer, however, has been over most of the same ground, and feels that the book would be stronger for being condensed; much repetition might then be avoided. He cannot help noticing also many unfortunate misprints, and some which are grotesque. What will the general reader make of this sentence:

"But one should remember also Hideyoshi's ear mourned in Kyoto, and the iron heel shown in Korea in our own times"?

The traveler will remember, after a minute's thought, that there is a mound of Korean ears cut off by Hideyoshi and will see the point of this reference. Then there is the habitual use of the strange name *Dammo*, which sounds like an eighteenth century oath, but is intended for Daruma, the grotesque and bizarre Bodhidharma who is so popular a figure in Japanese art. It would be easy to multiply such examples, and towards the latter part of the book they become thicker as the pilgrim tires of his pilgrimage of proof reading.

There is also some bad stuff which from a professor of psychology is less excusable. What is one to make of this?

> There is, however, one use to which prayer may be put of which all earnest souls may avail themselves, and that is the active debasing (*sic*) of oneself before the Divine, the August, the Overpowering, the immediate sensing of the contrast between one's own finiteness and the infinitude of the Eternal, the pouring forth of one's soul in deep humility and reverence before the unspeakable Whole of things which is never far away.

The "debasing of oneself . . . before the unspeakable Whole of things"; surely this is a strange substitute for prayer, as the masters of the spiritual life understand it. Even to debase oneself before God is not enough. When Dr. Pratt speaks of Jesus as the "eager adolescent reformer of the Synoptic Gospel," he lets fall a phrase which suggests that he might do well to look again at the Author of the Lord's Prayer. This rather patronizing tone of some recent books toward the most august figure in history is becoming intolerable. We have Mr. Wells's "lean and strenuous Jesus," and Rabbi Brown's "dear young Galilean." Dr. Pratt knows better. The synoptic Jesus is thirty years old when he begins his preaching, and it might be better if all teachers waited in silence as long, or longer. When he first appears, he is not so much "eager" as calm and authoritative.

From other faults of scholarship this book is not free. The Tibetan Tantric formula, om mani padme hum, almost certainly erotic in its significance, is attributed to the Hinayana. This is enough to make the great Buddhaghosa, whom the author barely mentions—though news of central importance—turn in his grave. Fortunately the monks of Ceylon and Burma are a long-suffering and kindly people and have forgiven all of us, not least the reviewer, many blunders and indiscretions. It would be easy to go on pointing out rather obvious mistakes, but it is a thankless task at best, and it is not the impression which one would wish to leave upon the reader of this review. The book is a good weighty one in every sense of the word, very tiring to hold up and frankly rather tiring in its too conversational tone. Nevertheless, it fills a need, and it may encourage others to journey on this Pilgrimage, to tread in the footprints of far more distinguished pilgrims from Fahian in the fourth century to Sylvain Levi in our own.

What Science Is

THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD VIEW. By WILLIAM KAY WALLACE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928.

Reviewed by FILMER B. C. NORTHROP

AWARENESS of a significant change in man's attitude toward himself and nature, due to the influence of science, is widespread. There is need for an exact statement of what science stands for and what its consequences are. This book attempts to meet this need.

The fundamental procedure which the author follows is historical. The "scientific world view" is regarded by Mr. Wallace as the product of a historical development in which an entirely different philosophy termed the "religious world view" has been replaced. This leads naturally to a consideration of the causes of the change, and forces the author to state a certain philosophy of history. For the most part he holds that world views are determined by economic conditions, although at times the opposite position is suggested.

This general historical view of the problem expresses itself in a three-fold division of the book. The first part involves an examination of religion to determine the essential character of the religious world view; the second part does the same for science and its world view; and the third attempts to indicate the change in moral principles which a transition from the religious to the scientific outlook entails. It is evident that the book is well conceived.

Although the section on religion is inadequate in its scope, considering the task which the author proposes to accomplish, it is, nevertheless, a great relief from the usual announcements of the existence of blissful peace and agreement between science and religion. The author asserts that science is removing the need for the religious attitude, along with the rejection of the old religious cosmology.

When one turns to the section on science the result is disappointing. Certainly, the chapter on the foundations of science should provide the basis for the positive thesis of such a book. Nevertheless only a few words on Descartes appear. At this point, nothing is said of Galileo and Newton. This means that the book must fail to accomplish its purpose, for without a primary emphasis upon the ideas of classical physics, as they were stated by Galileo and Newton, there can be no understanding, either of traditional modern science, or of the modifications which the discoveries of our own day are producing.

For this fatal omission the author pays dearly to the end of his book. The cost is vagueness and an appeal to statements about "the new economy" and "the new morality." Thus, that which started as an important and clearly conceived undertaking, ended in a suggestive and somewhat plausible propaganda for a new faith. As such it is interesting, but it is hardly science.

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AMERICAN MARRIAGES AND FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS. By ERNEST RUTHERFORD GROVES and WM. FIELDING OGBURN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $3.60.

FAMILY LIFE TO-DAY. Edited by MARGARET E. RICH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928.

Reviewed by MARGARET GRAY BLANTON

THESE two books offer an interesting opportunity for contrasting the two most popular present-day methods of publishing special studies. "American Marriages and Family Relations" is one of the American Social Science Series, of which it is the twenty-sixth volume. "Family Life To-day" is the published "proceedings" of the three-day conference held under the auspices of the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work. It contains fourteen papers by fourteen authors, being presumably written from the papers read or the speeches spoken at the conference.

The publishing of series of books on the same general topic is a fairly old device for bringing together more or less related material. The series of papers published under one cover—a sort of volume of short stories method of scientific presentation—is somewhat newer. It began, as far as I am able to find out, with Mrs. Dummer's publication of "Suggestions of Modern Science Concerning Education," which is a series of five essays (and a splendid one) published in 1917. If that was not the first of its type it was at least the first of the flood—some good, some bad—that followed it. The flood swelled as the "conference" grew in popularity. The conference—for any who has not attended one of them—is a cross between the Chautauqua and the revival meeting. It usually lasts three days, starting early and running full tilt through luncheon and dinner until the culminating banquet of broiled chicken and peas, at which the most highly paid lecturer on the program "struts his stuff," while the lesser scientific lights eat publicly under the glassy and altogether conference-logged eye of the, by now, three-day-old audience.

Looking from "proceedings" to "proceedings" one is able to deduce that the committee asked for something straightforward and popular—but at the same time scientific. But lecturers are proverbially mercurial, and the pressure of the crowd, the blatancy of the microphone, the encoring, the flowery introductions, the static engendered by the funeral chairs being moved and shoved about, all lead to greater and greater excitement. The subject is that of science—usually a social science—, the technique is that of Chautauqua, but the total situation engenders a curious revival quality. The words may be from the scientific vocabularies, but the end result is speakers urging the audience to "come to education, or psychology, or mental hygiene, or social service, and be saved!" in much the same way that Sam Jones begged the audience to "come to Jesus." The conference is the sawdust trail of science.

The same speakers are on nearly all the programs, and the speeches of any one speaker are very nearly the same. Naturally new scientific data cannot be presented at these meetings, and it is an unsuitable place for serious scientific discussion.

Like Thanksgiving, on which we commit ourselves seriously to the task of overeating, the scientific-emotional gorge has its place, but whether the resulting proceedings also have their place on the publishers' lists is open to serious question.

In "Family Life To-day" Miss Rich has done a nice piece of editing. The Table of Contents is unique and serviceable, giving, as it does, the pedigree of the lecturers rather than the contents of the paper. Much of the material is well handled and brilliantly told. Some of the lecturers are inspirational, in the good old sense. Some touch gamely but foolhardily on allied fields in which they are not experts. On the whole the book is full of material which the people of this conference should have known (and doubtless did know) before they were allowed to attend.

It is, however, a good book for the lay reader in social work and a good reference book for mothers' clubs and college classes. It is well indexed, well assembled, and well printed, and is as good or better than most proceedings, but this reviewer, for one, feels that the day of their usefulness has passed.

"American Marriage and Family Relationships," by Groves and Ogburn, is rightly two books. It is 493 pages of exceedingly fine print, with narrow margins. One has the feeling that neither Mr. Groves's sociological part nor Mr. Ogburn's statistical part is complete—and yet the book is too big! Perhaps the most interesting part is Mr. Ogburn's. We are accustomed to seeing interesting material in the field of (and from the pen of) Mr. Groves, but it is unusual to see statistics so interestingly and concisely presented as Mr. Ogburn has presented these. Mr. Groves's part seems incomplete in that the whole question of sterility has been ignored in the many discussions of birth control and its influence on the family, as has also the question of infantile fixations, and fixations at homosexual and autoerotic levels, in the discussion of personal strivings and family discord.

Many of the faults of this book (including a poor and superficial index) would doubtless be corrected if it were divided into two volumes and each author given room to develop his subject more completely. We hope to see this weakness corrected in the next edition.

An Argentine Novel

STONE DESERT. By HUGO WAST. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERMINE HALLAM HIPWELL

TO the outer world Argentine fiction is but little known. Regional in its appeal and depending for success on purity of style rather than originality or ingenuity of plot, it is rarely translated, and only those who know the Spanish language can hope to appreciate the rapid development of the Argentine novel. Of the few novelists who have made their way to the attention of foreign readers, the most interesting is Martínez Zuviría, who writes under the pen name of Hugo Wast.

A recognized "best seller," Wast is a writer of merit. He can tell a story well, has an eye for atmosphere, and translates faithfully the life of the Argentine pampas. In "Stone Desert" he is at his best, uniting in a happy conjunction a fine, straightforward tale with a remarkably efficient description of a region unknown to the general tourist and but rarely visited by the inhabitants of Buenos Aires and the southern provinces.

Up in the northwest Argentine, in the lee of the Andes and under the frozen peaks of the Gigantes de Achala, where the barren ground yields but a miserable harvest and the mountains are rich in minerals as yet untapped, life has changed but little since the days of Spanish rule. There, fierce and lawless, the *gaucho malo*, or criminal cowboy, kin with the puma and the falcon, defies the law, preying on poverty-stricken inhabitants. Wind-swept and inhospitable, the country has few or no attractions to offer save perhaps a certain ruggedness of character, contrasting with the indolence and weakness of the natives, a bastard race part Indian, part Spanish. A meagre setting for a novel this, though fraught with interest. Against this scenic background, Hugo Wast has built up, around the character of Marcela, his heroine, a story in which full expression is given to the strength and the weakness of the Argentine people.

The tale itself is a simple one, dealing with the fortunes of a city-bred and impoverished family which accepts the hospitality of an old uncle owning a large ranch on the Cordillera. Its characters are lightly yet surely drawn, the description of the desolate region is moving and in no way exaggerated, and the style is singularly free from those extravagances which are considered typical of South American fiction.

It is a pity that "Stone Desert" should have been so poorly translated, since much of the grace and freshness of the author's descriptions are lost through what would appear to be lack of appreciation on the part of the translators. For example, the opening paragraph of the novel in the original text reads as follows: "En la madrugada del dos de Abril tan espesa neblina envolvía la sierra, que doña Silvestre no vió venir un hombre a caballo del lado de la quebrada azul, hasta que lo tuvo frente a frente." The English translation runs thus: "It was early in the morning on the second of April. The mist hanging over the mountain was so heavy that Doña Silvestre did not notice a horseman riding up from the Blue Valley until he stood directly before her," which is poor translation and still poorer English. It must be admitted that the Argentine idiom, which differs in many respects from the real Castilian, is a difficult language to translate, but this is but a slight justification for the very unsatisfactory work of Messrs. Imbert and Le Clerq.

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A Letter from London

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

IT has been suggested that I should write from time to time a letter from London about the world of books and authors. It will take me a little time to get on those easy terms with you which are essential between correspondents—but let me first introduce myself. I am the editor of a literary monthly, *Life and Letters*, for nearly ten years I was literary editor of *The New Statesman*, and I am still connected with that paper. I am literary critic to the British Broadcasting Corporation, and I have succeeded to Sir Edmund Gosse's place upon the *Sunday Times*. These employments give me opportunities of following what is going on.

Literary London is awaiting with impatience—no, not impatience, it is too blasé—with interest, Mr. George Moore's new novel. He has long been at work on it, and he has even postponed a vital operation in order to perfect it before he takes what, at his age, must be a risk. He read some extracts from it to me. It is a story of a shipmaster and trader who lived in the age of Pericles, who in his youth felt a call to devote his life to expounding and reciting Homer. His own youthful enthusiasms come to nothing, but they are fulfilled in his sons, one of whom becomes a famous sculptor and the other a famous poet. The novel will be the story of these two young men, of their adventures and their art. It is sure to possess the shining placid beauty of Mr. Moore's mature prose; to be one of those stories which move, change, and draw themselves out gradually like a cloud. For fear it should be his last story Mr. Moore has been going over it again and again with that scrupulous care which distinguishes him even among the most conscientious craftsmen.

A little time ago Bernard Shaw was talking of collecting those few short stories which he has written and adding a new one about "the Unknown Warrior." I have seen no announcement of this book, but I don't think he has dropped the idea. He has been at work upon a new play which is finished and which he read aloud the other day at Lady Astor's. I remember myself only two short stories of his; one, a remarkable one, published only in an American magazine, called "Aerial Football," and the other a story of a fantastic miracle which appeared first in an ephemeral Irish magazine. Shaw has always underestimated his own fiction. In one of his prefaces he speaks of the narrow shave he once had from becoming a popular novelist. It is true that he has never written a novel on the level of his best plays, but for all that "Cashel Byron's Profession" comes fairly high up in order of merit among his less important works. So much for prospective book-news.

⁂ ⁂

The reception of Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" has one interesting point about it. Of course it has been widely read and thoroughly enjoyed. It contains many pages of prose which he has never excelled, nor has he ever succeeded better in telling a story. But these indisputable merits have not prevented some of his early admirers from speaking disparagingly of the book. They miss in it the irony which they enjoyed in "Eminent Victorians" and in "Queen Victoria." Some go so far as to say that Lytton Strachey has at last revealed himself to be at bottom "a mere romantic," and add that they had long ago suspected that he was one. I don't think we need pay much attention to these comments. If Mr. Strachey had treated his subject with ironical detachment the same people would in all probability have said, "There! He is at his old tricks again!" The truth is that his reputation is reaching that dangerous stage which occurs in the case of every author of importance, when he is ceasing to be, so to speak, the pet of a few, and becoming a public favorite. At such a moment all the obvious things in praise of an author have been already said, consequently critics and reviewers, who wish to show that they possess unusual insight, are driven to depreciating his work. I do not say that this depreciation is as yet marked, but it has found expression in print here and there, and it is heard in conversation. His prose is criticized as containing far too many *clichés* and conventional metaphors from which the life has departed. Those who talk in this way are chiefly the young who admire the prose of James Joyce and want to break up all stereotyped moulds of expression. They do not see that any historical style must be largely traditional and a convention. Lytton Strachey's style is founded upon Macaulay's and Gibbon's. It is a conventional style; his use of *clichés* of respectable pedigree is a merit.

⁂ ⁂

Mr. Edmund Blunden's "Undertones of War" has made a considerable impression. It is extremely well written and though personal it is free from egotism. He describes and comments upon what he has seen and felt himself. The tone of it, or, if you like, the philosophy behind it, may be said to be predominantly pacifist, and yet there is no acrid contempt, such as we find, for instance, in the writings of a passionate pacifist like Bertrand Russell, for the profession of arms. I have been told by an American of some authority that fifteen years elapsed after the Civil War before the American reading public became interested in their own war. In England until lately there has been a considerable reluctance on the part of the public to read about the Great War, but there are signs that this reluctance is diminishing. A few years ago no publisher would look at a war book, unless it was one of those semi-official histories of regiments or Army Divisions which aim at a limited sale, and are sure of it beforehand. Now war books written even from an American or Continental standpoint find readers ("The Case of Sergeant Grischa," by Zweig, for example, is being very well received.)

⁂ ⁂

Another book by a poet, Siegfried Sassoon, namely, "Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man," has had both a wide and distinguished success. He first published this book anonymously. It was slow in making an impression owing to the fact that its title suggested that it appealed only to sportsmen. Though "a foxhunting man" would be a very incomplete description of Siegfried Sassoon, who is not only a poet but a biting satirist, the sporting experiences which he describes so admirably are real memories. The book is so well written and so genuine that many think that it is one of the few recent books in which future generations will take some interest. Some prophesy the same of Virginia Woolf's "Orlando." I don't think that Virginia Woolf, when she wrote this book, anticipated that it would be hailed as the most complete expression of her peculiar gifts. In fact I am sure that she would not approve of its being exalted above, say, "The Lighthouse." "Orlando" was written quickly and in high spirits, with a kind of reckless indifference about what the world, beyond the circle of her immediate admirers, would think of it. There is no doubt, however, that it contains some of the most glittering, rapid, and lyrical pages she has written.

⁂ ⁂

For many years I was Literary Editor of *The New Statesman*, and in that capacity I had opportunities of watching the reception of American authors over here. One of the most remarkable post-war changes has been the ever-increasing interest in American fiction and American authors. The interchange of fiction between England and America is now approaching reciprocity. In pre-war days, while we exported novels to America, we imported few in return. Now the peculiarities and characteristics of leading American novelists are almost as well known to readers here as those of English novelists. Among the last few American books which have excited special interest is "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg." The kind of scepticism with which an American novel used to be received has entirely disappeared. Only in the matter of criticism and literary history does that initial unwillingness to believe a new book is really worth reading, survive, and even in the case of criticism and literary history it is beginning to break down. What delays the process is the number of academic monographs which reach us; treatises written for degree, an enormous proportion of which are second-rate, second-hand compilations. English editors receiving so many of these uninteresting examples of tame, painstaking culture get into the habit of disregarding American criticism. The result is that when a profound and original piece of American research appears, as, for instance, "The Road to Xanadu," very little notice is taken of it.

Rudolph Chambers Lehmann, for nearly thirty years a member of the staff of *Punch*, died recently in London. Mr. Lehmann wrote and practised law, held a seat in Parliament, and was famous as a rower and a coach of rowing at various periods of his career. He was the father of Rosamond Lehmann, author of "Dusty Answer."

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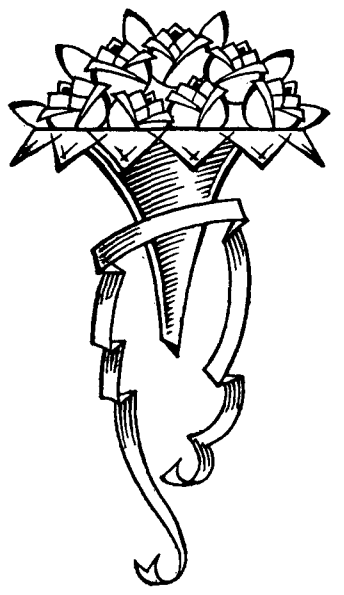

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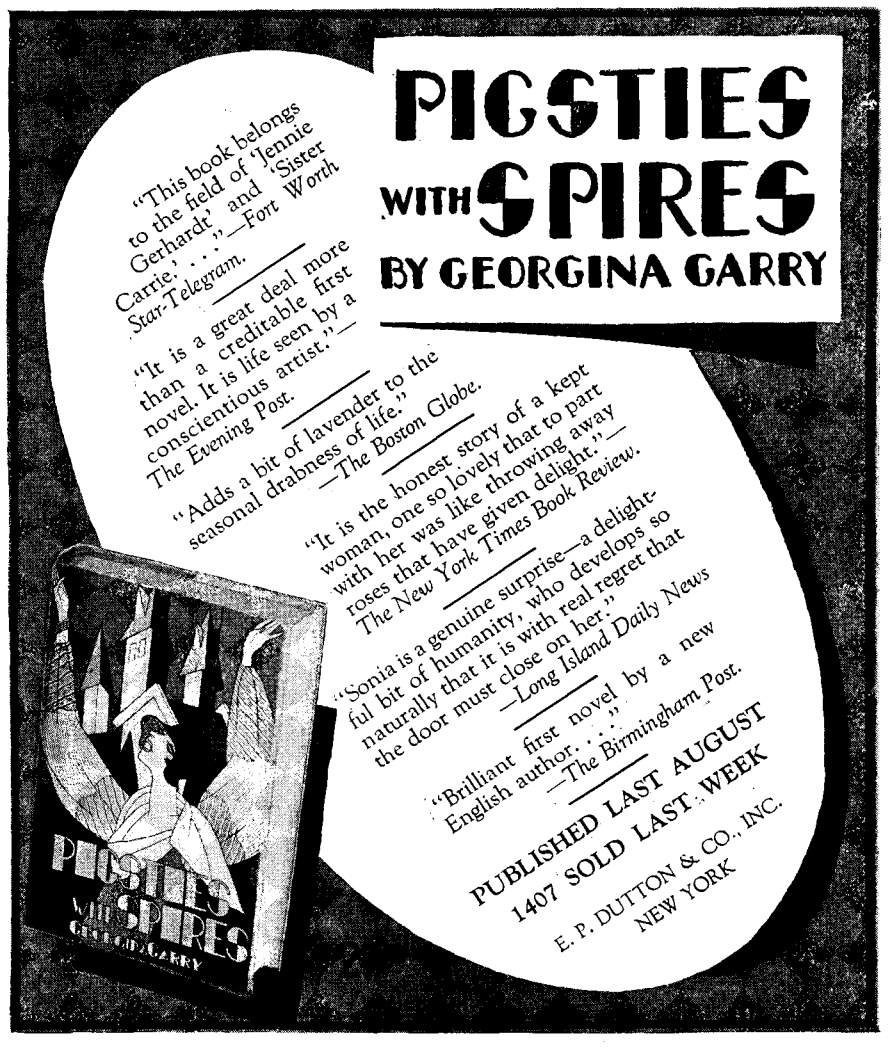
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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 53. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best poem written in the lyrical manner of Robert Browning called "Any Poet to Any Stockbroker." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of February 25.)

Competition No. 54. You have been commissioned to design a special deck of cards for the Bridge-cum-Literature Club of America. Each of the sixteen court cards is required to bear the facial likeness of a living American author. Mr. Mencken, for instance, might be the Knave of Clubs and Miss Millay the Queen of Hearts. These examples may, if you like, be incorporated. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the list of suggestions carrying the most amusing critical implications. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 11.)

THE FIFTY-FIRST COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the most engaging original valentine addressed to the Editor of this page has been divided equally between Charles F. Marks (of Marble Hill, Mo.) and Mrs. Robert M. Wetzel (of Polo, Illinois).

THE PRIZE VALENTINES

I

CANST thou not feel the lover's pain
Of him who scans thy page—in vain:
Who finds how others win thy smile
By greater power to beguile,
And how the offerings of his heart
Cannot compete with wealth of art?
Must simple faith be unrequited
And only Norman blood delighted?
Each heartbeat coined into a word
For thee, yet thou art still unstirred.
O precious words, still storm his door
As wings of birds beat o'er and o'er
Against the bars of cruel cage
That has become their heritage:
Tell him a pilgrim at his shrine
Waits for his healing touch divine.

CHARLES F. MARKS.

II

(Accompanied by a box of home-made candy)

I long for praise from such a wit,
But how can I accomplish it?
By cleverness I'm blinded.
Your erudition thrills me quite,
No verse to charm can I indite, . .
I'm really kitchen-minded.

I lack in wit, I'm without art,
So choose this way to reach your heart,
My portion naught but gall, when
You scorn my gift, I am bereft:
It wins—for me there's nothing left,
I find you're just like all men.

R. M. WETZEL.

The best valentine of the week was sent by Clinton Scollard who seems to be under the impression that I am a captivating woman, a misapprehension which denies him the prize although his verses must be printed for their own sake.

Day, take my sweet this song:
Say that she ever is
The crown of my delight,
The chrism of my bliss,
The rapture of my sight,
My apotheosis,—
Will be, though years be long:
Day, take my sweet this song!

Night, take my sweet this song:
Say she will ever be
As starlight to my eyes
Though darkness mantle me,—
The beam wherein there lies
My sure felicity,—
Will be, though years be long:
Night, take my sweet this song!

This was not the only entry that mistook the man and the occasion. One entry was accompanied by a note—"Believe it or not, this so-called Valentine won my case *easy* last February: so it's an original Valentine, the *only* original." Jesslyn Hull also missed the mark with some verses beginning—

Pink roses are your curving cheeks,
Starflowers are your eyes,
Carnations are your luring lips,
Your charms I advertise.

Of course, I asked for bouquets: but if only the lady could see me!

On the whole I was rather shabbily treated by the female competitors. I particularly missed Deborah C. Jones and Phoebe Scribble. Corinne Swain and Garland Smith both set their teeth and did their dutiful best: but it seems that I am not a very inspiring subject. Frances H. Gaines's acrostic verses were skilful but unconvincing, and Elizabeth Wray wrote some half-reproachful lines with her eye on past experiences.

Even when your sarcasm is most intense
You entertain me at my own expense.

Winnie Witless offered an illumination that might have warmed Elia's own heart, "a wondrous work . . . on the finest gilt paper with borders, full not of common hearts and heartless allegories, but of all the prettiest stories of love." But the stories were not from Ovid as Charles Lamb would have had them. She sealed her valentine with blue ribbon, a gold quill, and red wax, enclosing a liberal saturation of scent. Mrs. Wetzel went one better, as her winning poem explains, with a box of crystallized orange peel which has regaled my after-dinner hours for a week. I thank her.

Margaret McGarvey, Matylee Fehrmann, and Lilian Swenson also put me in their debt. Better than these were the unsigned "Lines to accompany a Lithograph" in which strangely enough occurred the distich—

Oh for the careless swank of him
Who hides beneath a pseudonym.

This witty poem was too long to quote. The lithograph (if there was one) has not reached me. . . . . .

Most of the men were frankly mercenary like Frederick Moxon.

Among the weakest of the Weekly Wits,
I'm "strong for you," Dear Editor, for it's
My heart's fond hope to sell this Valentine
At your own price—$3.75 per line!

A fond hope! John A. L. Odde was subtler.

Permit me, Edward, if you will
With all my faults to love you still.
All light in which I hope to shine
Reflects from you, my Valentine.

Claudius Jones, as usual, sent an excellent entry but some of his references were two years behind the times. David Heathestone must also be mentioned and, especially, Marshall M. Brice, whose Valentine is epitomized in its final stanza.

I crave your smiles; I cringe beneath your scorn;
Your words of praise stir me to ecstasies;
But smiles are not enough for one forlorn,
And, candidly, I want to win a prize.

Candidly, too, I want to award him one. Nobody else has had such protracted tough luck as his during the past year of the Wits' Weekly. But Charles F. Marks merited precedence this time although he shares the prize money with Mrs. Wetzel.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

MELANTHE. By *Samuel Brooke.* Edited by *Joseph S. G. Bolton.* Yale University Press.

GEORGE BORROW. By *Samuel Milton Elam.* Knopf. $3.

IRVIN COBB AT HIS BEST. Doubleday, Doran.

ANARCHISM IS NOT ENOUGH. By *Laura Riding.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

Biography

INDUSTRIAL EXPLORERS. By MAURICE HOLLAND. Harpers. 1928. $3.50.

Mr. Holland is director of the Division of Engineering and Industrial Research of the National Research Council in Washington and he should be well advised of the industrial explorers in America. In this volume he has set down a series of word pictures of about twenty of the leading scientists of the country who are employed by equally leading companies to delve into the theories of science and apply them to business. To us there is little more fascinating than the tales of these men who apply to the needs of humanity the facts which the slaves of the laboratory elicit from the store of secrets hoarded by nature. Such men as Whitney of General Electric, Baekeland of Baekelite fame, Mees of color-photography, and Sullivan the man behind Pyrex, are made known in an intimate way. "Industrial Explorers" will find its place beside De Kruif's two fascinating volumes of biography of research.

CLASSIC SHADES. By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.50.

Four of these leaders of learning may be said in some sense to still dominate, or influence, their colleges. Charles W. Eliot is recent; Mary Lyon, Mark Hopkins, and James McCook are comparatively so, and still seem to be present at Harvard, Holyoke, Williams, and Princeton. But the elder Timothy Dwight does not represent modern Yale in any such way. Mr. Howe seems to think there are traces of him there still, but it would be difficult for a Yale man to see any. Theodore Woolsey was the Yale contemporary of Hopkins and McCosh, and perhaps as remarkable a man as either of them. Mr. Howe quotes the "priceless" complaint by someone about Mark Hopkins that he "lacked abdominal dignity." His extraordinary rugged face, and McCosh's burr must have had quite a little to do with their direct effectiveness and continued legend. Eliot died in 1926; Hopkins and McCosh are still personally remembered; Holyoke is still something like Mary Lyon. But the old theologian, poet, president, and traveller (only in New England, by the way) died in 1817; he is a dim conception to most Yale men, and but dimly traceable in the cosmopolitan university.

Mr. Howe, who is an independent thinker and no parrot of conventions, notes that alumni tend to exaggerate the peculiar effect on character of each his own university; that the phenomenon is rather of a general similarity, at least among Eastern college men. One is familiar with the idea of typical Harvard, Yale, and Princeton men, but when one makes tests on mixed groups of actual men, the test too often comes out poor; the typical men are too apt to come from the wrong college.

I WAS A BANDIT. By *Eddie Guerin.* Crime Club. $2.50 net.

AN INSIDE STORY OF SUCCESS: LIFE OF WILLIAM BURNETTE. By *Neil McCullough Clark.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

WELLINGTON. By *Oliver Brett.* Doubleday, Doran. $3.50 net.

ROYAL ELIZABETH. By *E. Thornton Cook.* Dutton. $2.50.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By *Temple Scott.* New York: Bowling Green Press.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY AND CERTAIN MEN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TORMENT. By *Marie Cher.* Appleton. $2.50.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE DARLEY. By *Claude Colleer Abbott.* Oxford University Press. $6.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS. By *Carl Sandburg.* Harcourt, Brace. $5.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS. Edited by *J. R. Tanner.* Harcourt, Brace. $6.

PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN AND TWO NEAR PRESIDENTS. By *Charles Willis Thompson.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

PINES OF JAALAM. By *Daniel Chase.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

SOME MEMORIES OF ROBERT BROWNING. By *Fannie Barrett Browning.* Marshall Jones.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By *R. L. Mégroz.* Scribners.

THE BROWNINGS. By *David Loth.* Brentanos. $3.75.

FARMER, HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER FAIR? By *Mike Wallach.* Vanguard. $2.50.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH. By *Francis Wilson.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

A WANDERER'S WAY. By *Charles E. Raven.* Holt. $1.75.

MY MYSTERY SHIPS. By *Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE EXQUISITE TRAGEDY. An Intimate Life of John Ruskin. By *Amabel Williams-Ellis.* Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Edited by *J. Middleton Murry.* Knopf. 2 vols.

ARTURO TOSCANINI. By *Tobia Nicotra.* Knopf. $3.50.

LONELY AMERICANS. By *Rollo W. Brown.* Coward-McCann. $3.50.

CANNIBAL JACK. By *William Diapea.* Putnam. $2.50.

THE LOST ART. Edited by *Dorothy Van Doren.* Coward-McCann. $3.

THE WORKS OF LEO TOLSTOY. Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth. Oxford University Press.

A FATALIST AT WAR. By *Rudolf Binding.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE. Translated by *Alexander Werth.* Payson & Clarke.

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS: The Letters of Francois, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois. Duffield. $3.50.

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER. By *Sir Henry Fielding Dickens.* Duffield.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. By *Margarette Kurlbaum-Siebert.* Translated by *Mary Agnes Hamilton.* Harcourt, Brace. $5.

Drama

DEBURAU. By JULES JANIN. Translated by WINIFRED KATZIN. McBride. 1928. $1.50

Here is an enchanting biography of one of the most enchanting figures the theatre has produced. It must not be thought for a second, however, that Jules Janin's life of Deburau—the tragic white-face, the "immortal Pierrot of the early nineteenth century"—is a biography written as any modern, post-Freudian would write it. Monsieur Janin, who in his time wrote much and well on the French theatre, is not interested in reducing his hero to the stuff of common clay. Instead he has acted as the sympathetic, informal chronicler, who has told his tale caressingly, fondly, with all the quaint, ingratiating rococo qualities of its period. Expertly translated by Winifred Katzin it relates the life of its hero with an ingenuous charm that is as rare among actor-biographies as it is successful in capturing the attributes of Deburau which made him lovable as an actor and a man.

"THEATRON." By CLARENCE STRATTON. Holt. 1928. $5.

Mr. Stratton has already given us one book, "Producing in the Little Theatre," and now he finds it necessary to provide the little theatre with one more volume. "Theatron" contains no preface, and the reader is at a loss to perceive the author's intention. In a prefatory note he only lists an imposing number of little theatre enthusiasts who have supplied him with information and material which he has poorly woven together, left indefinite, and without any sequence. At a loss what to call this bad digestion he has coined a new word and labeled it "Theatron," meaning, it is to be hoped, mediocrity in the Theatre. He speaks of Jessnertreppen, lighting and cupola horizon, and similar subjects as though he were using them for the first time. Mr. Stratton knows his historical theatre background but does not understand its relation with the theatre of to-day. And in dealing with the theatre of to-day there can be no excuse for certain errors in facts which occur. He presents nothing original. What he says might be concluded by anyone sitting down in the theatre presented with the problem and coolly reasoning out what should be done about it. There are some two hundred illustrations badly arranged, and many of them brilliant examples of bad taste in the theatre. Fortunately all these illustrations make such a book expensive, which might make it prohibitive for many little theatre libraries at which it takes deadly aim. The little theatre needs more courage than ever before.

Fiction

BLOODY GROUND. By FISWOODE TARLETON. Dial. 1929. $2.

Mr. Tarleton is at heart a dramatist. This cycle of episodes in the lives of the hill folk of the Kentucky mountains is presented entirely in terms of action; it is constructed with the cunning of a mind alive to all the significance of outward movement and its power to translate the trend of motive and instinct. It is written throughout in the living tense, the historical present, the language of stage direction, which isolates action against a still background with infinite meaningfulness. In these twelve stories the community of Leeston and Porky Ridge is not only set before us, it is dissected. We see into it and through it, across it because each incident is, in some way, complementary to the other eleven. When we have finished "Bloody Ground," we have looked at the hill town from different angles and, furthermore, from different levels. And we have been made aware of the feud as a fact which derives from every aspect of the attitude of these mountain people toward life.

Mr. Tarleton's style is notable for the force with which it can render slowly accumulative effects, it is unrelaxing in its insistence on spectacle, it is always taut, it works continually toward crescendo. It is adapted especially to the short story, and when the short story is used to the end attained in "Bloody Ground," the result is strikingly successful. To encounter the most desirable elements of drama, its dismissal of the irrelevant and its purposeful selection, in a book of fiction is unusual and commendable.

(*Continued on next page*)

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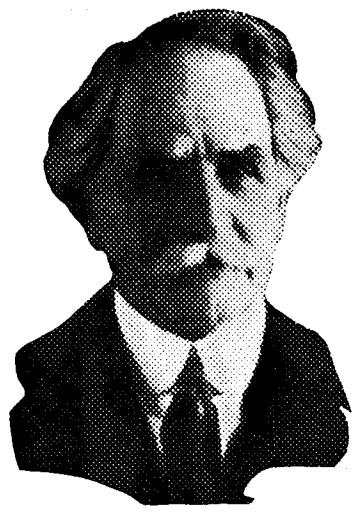

HAMLIN GARLAND

is one of America's most distinguished literary men—novelist, short story writer, biographer, winner of a Pulitzer prize, friend of Howells, Roosevelt, Stephen Crane. He is best known by his Middle Border chronicle, of which the first three volumes are

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ROME EXPRESS. By BERTRAND COLLINS. Harpers. 1928. $2.50.

In many ways this is an excellent novel. As social history it is revealing, and as a study of human lives under stress it is moving. We get the social history as we follow the adventures of Greta Pendrick from Chinook in the State of Washington (here the provincialism of our United States is seen at its worst) to the Villa Borsalini in Rome, and finally to the Chateau of Marienburg in Tallinn, capital of Estonia. Contrasts are abundant as Greta marries into Italian diplomatic circles, fights a losing battle with her husband's family, and spends hard years in Tallinn as *Madame la Ministre*, finding there her chief comfort in her association with penurious and shifty but undeniably intelligent Russian aristocrats who have smuggled themselves and a few jewels over the border into Estonia. But to us and to Greta these contrasts soon cease to be merely interesting and provocative; they become tragedy and death as habits and desire interlock and refuse to give way. The novel ends upon a note of forced cheerfulness that is out of harmony with what has gone before.

To the reader "Rome Express" comes as gratifying novelty. Little in character or scene is familiar; nothing is threadbare. We have genuine interest in the progress of Greta's life; she is no heroine from pretty novels, yet she is essentially attractive, contrasting well with her Italian relatives by marriage. Mr. Collins lines in his eccentric characters with delightful flourishes and with constant freshness; his "straight" people are in general not so well worth knowing. Some qualification must be made when we consider the novel as narrative. Here we find a little brusqueness and a trace of rigidity that give the whole work a feeling of nervousness and lack of ease. But the fault is not gross. "Rome Express" remains definitely worth attention.

THE LAYTON COURT MYSTERY. By *Anthony Berkeley*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
YOUNG WOMAN IN LOVE. By *Mary Barrow Linfield*. Macaulay. $2.50.
HUMDRUM HOUSE. By *Jeannette Phillips Gibbs*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS. By *E. Phillips Oppenheim*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
FOOTPRINTS. By *Kay Cleaver Strahan*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
TRANSITION STORIES. Selected and edited by *Eugene Jolas* and *Robert Sage*. McKee. $2.50.
THE ROBBERY AT RUDWICH HOUSE. By *Victor L. Whitechurch*. Duffield. $2.
MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD. By *Myron Brinig*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
LIFE STEPS IN. By *Ruby M. Ayres*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
FREE GRASS. By *Ernest Haycox*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
SPIES. By *Thea von Harbou*. Putnam. $2.
THE MOLEHILL. By *Alice Ritchie*. Putnam. $2.
THE FLYING SQUAD. By *Edgar Wallace*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
THE SEVEN TORCHES OF CHARACTER. By *Basil King*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
PORTRAIT OF A CELEBATE. By *Alec Waugh*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
ARMISTICE. By *R. H. Mottram*. Dial. $2.
NEAPOLITAN ICE. By *Renee Haynes*. Dial. $2.
FARTHING HALL. By *Hugh Walpole* and *J. B. Priestley*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
THE BLESTON MYSTERY. By *Robert Milward Kennedy*. Crime Club. $2 net.
MONSIEUR DE BALZAC ENTERTAINS A VISITOR. By *Pierre Loving*. University of Washington Chapbook.
THE LAST SEPTEMBER. By *Elizabeth Bowen*. Dial. $2.50.
DEATH AT FOUR CORNERS. By *Anthony Gilbert*. Dial. $2.
THE RANSOM FOR LONDON. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Dial. $2.
THE WILES OF WOMEN. By *J. A. Decourdemanche*. Dial. $2.50.
MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN. By *Siegfried Sassoon*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
THEY HAVE BODIES. By *Barney Allen*. Macaulay. $2.50.
PRINCES OF THE NIGHT. By *Joseph Kessel*. Macaulay. $2.
THE BLACKER THE BERRY. By *Wallace Thurman*. Macaulay. $2.50.
YOLAN. By *Ferrard Tickell*. Putnam. $2.
DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. By *Tsao Hsueh-Chin* and *Kao Ngoh*. Translated and adapted from the Chinese by *Chi-Chen Wang*. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.
CLOUD BY DAY. By *Pauline Stiles*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
ACTION. By *C. E. Montague*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
THE SHORT STORIES OF H. G. WELLS. Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.
REINI KUGEL. By *Jake Falstaff*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.
JORIS OF THE ROCK. By *Leslie Barringer*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

Poetry

THE POET'S PROTEST. By ANGELO DE LUCA. New York: Henry Harrison. 1928. $1.50.

Mr. Angelo de Luca subtitles his volume thus: "A Personal Document in which he Deplores the Elements of his Dreadful Destiny, and Submits the Irony of his Own Solution." No, it is not a humorous volume—not consciously. To assure its serious intent, the title-page carries, besides the just-quoted "argument," the following excerpt from Professor Freud: ". . . each individual who newly enters the human community repeats the sacrifice of his instinct-satisfaction for the sake of the common good." This is immediately followed by a Dedicatory Epistle in which the author says, "Among the other maladjustments of my earthly conditions, I lament the lost art of patronage." This, in brief, is the poet's protest:

The poet's mission cannot be
A politician's policy;
But as his pulse beats, so must he
Transcribe the rhythms faithfully:
A weeping, laughing, swirling sea
Transcending all morality.

After such an opening, the reader may expect the worst. He will not be disappointed. If poetry—or the making of it—could ever be a parody of itself, this volume fills the requirements to the pitch of burlesque. For rhetoric in tatters and images caught in their own coils, "The Portrait of a Poet" and "The Tenant's Complaint" are priceless. "The Poet Tunes his Lyre" is less convulsive but no less entertaining. It deserves quotation—and committing to memory:

Oh I have done my gallant day,
And I have sung sweet amour's song;
And now I put my scroll away,
And pick my pen, and go along:
But oh, the air is thick and gray,
And all around a vicious throng
Lie, shout, and rob, and weep, and slay,
And cry out pleas of right and wrong:
And here within the raging fray
I sit and pen another song:
Adieu, my gallant roundelay!
Ah, hail, you madmen weak and strong!

Mr. de Luca discloses himself in this vein. He must be a deliberate take-off of the comic-weekly poet. One suspects him of being just another pseudonym of Dorothy Parker.

Religion

JEREMIAH. By *Adam C. Welch*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.
THE GREAT GALILEAN. By *Robert Keable*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Travel

LET'S DO THE MEDITERRANEAN. By CARVETH WELLS. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

A farcical story or travelogue, with an atmosphere of good humored satire has been written in merry vein by Mr. Wells. His inspiration has been drawn from the cultural aims of the rushing tours undertaken by our Travel Bureaus; where European countries of vast complications are reduced to some simple formula, like a visit to St. Peter's in Rome and the purchase of curios at Naples. But there is some good character drawing; notably Mrs. Grabbits, the Brooklyn landlady, who turns up unexpectedly as the ship is leaving New York, and enlivens the whole voyage with her originalities. Her persistent ambition is to "ride on a gongolier" and collect curiosities for the Brooklyn Museum. In this laudable aim she is assisted by an eccentric doctor and the inevitable "Professor" going about with his little hammer to chip off bits from antiques. Mrs. Grabbits gets "sick and tired of ruins and churches" and gladly runs off to Constantinople where there are "harems and things." A chapter on the Holy Land gives the author an opportunity for a fling at fanatics of every creed and race and for free play of his fine fancy.

HYPERBOREA. By *Norman Lindsay*. London: Fanfrolico Press (McKee).
A WAYFARER IN AUSTRIA. By *G. E. R. Gedye*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
THINGS SEEN IN MOROCCO. By *L. E. Bickerstaffe*. Dutton. $1.50.
THINGS SEEN IN PROVENCE. By *Capt. Leslie Richardson*. Dutton. $1.50.

Recommended

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

THE READER'S GUIDE has received the following:

British Museum, London.
Jan. 18, 1929.

Dear Madam:

Alas, old Mike, that good old cat, is dead. I saw him on Tuesday noon, but he was soon afterward mercifully dispatched.

I thought you would like to know of the passing of this venerable landmark.

Very truly,
ROGER GOODLAND
a "Reader."

And by the same mail came from Stanley Morison a bundle of London newspapers with Mike's obituaries, and his picture, burly as a Beefeater.

Oh well, I suppose I can learn not to look to the right as I go through the gateway of the British Museum. I learned last summer not to look for Mike high on the top of the righthand pilon of polished stone that by some defiance of natural law he had managed for some seventeen years each day to scale. Mike had just given up that exercise; he was learning to be old, to take in sail; he had contracted his firmament. But on the ground he was still going strong. "He was a bit queer last January," said the gateman proudly, "but the first clear day he was stalking the sparrows." It took yet another January to make all safe for the sparrows.

Mike had no opinion of these and not much of the human race. His manner was morose and his shoulders hunched from a perpetual shrug. He unbent a trifle to Sir Wallis Budge, who contributed sixpence a week to his upkeep and brought him personal packets of cooked fish, but it was as one Egyptologist to another, and not from mercenary motives. Mike addressed me but once, in a peremptory baritone of unexpected power. He bade me unlock the watchbox and let him go in, and when I explained that this was not in my power he stalked off muttering, "These Americans!" in his beard, and my chance at friendly relations was gone forever. In that watchbox he was born, near nineteen years ago. I must remember to keep my eyes sternly to the left next summer.

J. H. B., Washington, D. C.—I hope you can help me in my search for some books dealing with the theosophic idea of vibrations. I have heard the theosophists talk of such, but have not been able to get a book which actually tells of it.

I am living in an apartment of a friend who has collected lovely things from all over the earth. In the same large room there are Buddhas from Japan, India, and Siam. There are old crucifixes, an Austrian monstrance which must have been raised by priests before worshippers countless times, and various other objects which have been prayed to by followers of clashing religions. So often I have noticed that I never am at rest in this room; there seems to be a battle of vibrations.

One friend suggested that the trouble is caused by an Egyptian mask which was probably hypnotized when this person died. I'm awfully interested in this.

THIS opens a new line of investigation. I have often been in rooms where it was difficult to sleep, and I have sometimes suspected that the furniture had something to do with it, but somehow vibrations never occurred to me.

I do not know any books on the subject, but I hope that the readers of this department may be better informed, and that they will send on the results of their information at once, not only for the relief of J. H. B., but on my own behalf. In the cacophony of New York City it is not always easy to determine just where a particular noise is coming from, and it may well be that what I have been taking for a steam-rivetter next door is really the crash of vibrations from my new Eric Gill colliding with those from the steel engravings in the hall. This is a serious matter; if you have data, send them swiftly, in the interests of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises. I have meant for a good while to carry out some drastic scheme of suppression in the decorations of this flat, but it was hard to tell just where to begin. It will make things so much simpler if I can go about testing the bric-a-brac with a tuning-fork.

D. V. B. (no address) needs a book that will explain the beliefs of the great religions of the world, and one that will distinguish for him between the modern religious sects, such as Methodists, Presbyterians, etc.

"THE World's Living Religions," by Robert Ernest Hume (Scribner), is a small book with no waste matter and an admirable spirit: it makes its statements clearly and arranges them for ready reference, and there is an excellent series of reading-lists for further study. The Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn., issues a "Handbook of All Denominations" based on the latest publications of the denominations themselves, on their own statistics and on their doctrinal position, by the Rev. Dr. Phelan. Revell publishes "Modern Religious Cults and Movements," by Dr. G. G. Atkins, a study of leading religious and ethical cults of to-day. Dean Inge introduces a group of exponents of various creeds, including G. K. Chesterton, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, and Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, in a book I have found valuable for more than one reason, "Twelve Modern Apostles and Their Creeds" (Duffield). Doubleday, Doran publish "The Faiths Series," one volume each for "Methodism," "The Presbyterian Churches," "The Life and Faith of the Baptists," "Congregationalism," "Modernism in the English Church," "The Anglo-Catholic Faith," "The Faith of the Roman Church," and "The Faith and Practice of the Quakers," by eminent authorities on each subject. A new book is just coming from Crowell, "Protestantism in the United States," in which the author, Dr. Archer B. Bass, maintains that with more than 150 different denominational groups, often overlapping in interests at home and in the mission field, it might be well to take stock of the situation and determine whether we are to be denominational, inter-denominational, or non-denominational.

H. C. B., Enon Valley, Pa., asks for a history of French literature coming down to the twentieth century, his interest being especially in the modern novel.

"CONTEMPORARY French Literature," by Réné Lalou (Knopf), translated by William Aspinwall Bradley, is especially strong on the novel from 1870 to the present day, and is in general a great help to the American reader. If the history is to go from the Middle Ages to the present day, there is an excellent two-volume "History of French Literature" by Kathleen T. Butler (Dutton), that extends from the *chansons de geste* to Valéry, Gide, and Proust.

F. A. R., Oakland, Cal., asks for books and portfolios of illustrations of the modern decorative art movement here and abroad, and on the Paris Exposition of 1925.

"NEW Dimensions: the Decorative Arts of To-day in Words and Pictures," by Paul T. Frankl (Payson & Clarke), is the latest and most thorough-going book on this subject by an American. "New Backgrounds for a New Age," by E. A. Park (Harcourt, Brace), brings us into the movement in architecture, interior decoration, textiles, and furniture, with plenty of pictures. "Architecture and Democracy," by Claude Bragdon (Knopf), goes into the philosophy of the movement. I had thought that for the Exposition of 1925 there was available only the beautiful special number of *L'Illustration*, which has a great many photographs and reproductions in color, and is no doubt preserved in many of our public libraries. But E. Weyhe, the art bookseller of 794 Lexington Avenue, to whom I have often referred matters like this, tells me of the "Rapport Général, Exposition Internationale des Arts Decoratifs et Industriels Modernes, Paris, 1925," whose four volumes are all now published, with hundreds of plates and illustrations, some in colors; and of the three volumes of "Interieurs Français au Salon des Artistes Decorateurs, Paris, 1926-1928," of the "Moderne Ladenbauten," exteriors and interiors, published in 1928 (and I maintain that the distinctive contribution of the new school to this country is in the building and display-system of shops), and G. A. Platz's "Die Baukunst der Neuesten Zeit" (Berlin, 1927), with 375 illustrations. My own favorite in the way of explosive modern literature is "Towards a New Architecture," by Le Corbusier (Payson & Clarke), which will shake apart the convictions of all but the iron-bound. I have not read his more recent "Towards a New City" (Payson & Clarke), but it could not be by Le Corbusier and not be provocative.

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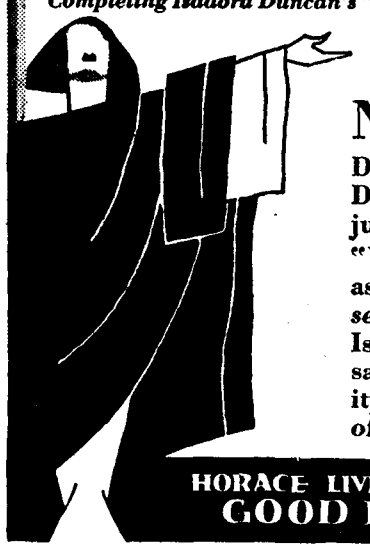

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The AMEN CORNER

WE question whether there is offered to anyone a more salutary experience than an evening before the open fire with a book-loving friend. There was benediction in it

> when, recently, till late "we twain
> Discussed with buoyant hearts
> The various things that appertain
> To bibliomaniac arts."

Collectors had returned from Icarian flights at the Kern sale, some with warmed wings, others still with warm enthusiasm. Considering the altitudes of those Kern records one naturally wonders just where this Pegasan hobby will land us. For, whereas the real relief is in curing the bibliophile of his obsession, one knows full well that the tenacity in man and his delight in books will remain to raise the bidders at future auctions. Meanwhile, however, it is pleasant to know that many will continue to practice this honorable art in the byways and to cull alike from prodigious and modest book stalls those less heralded authors who prove both the book-lover's pleasure and his wisdom.

The discussed damage of cataclysmic sales has cooled many cups of coffee. But we are not much concerned with this millionaire's game. What is far more ravaging to book collecting, to our way of thinking, is the publication of padded and fussy first editions. The situation is imminent in which a man may not buy a first edition of his favorite author without buying with it a colored box, an extra half pound of bad paper, a worthless preface written by an indiscriminate flatterer, and a number neither written in nor seen by the author. This is the metamorphosis of the autographed copies once held dear by a few chosen friends!

But there remain publishers who, we have faith, will not deal in these absurdities. The Oxford Press is such a publisher. There is an air of integrity exhaling from their books that one gratefully admires. And what delights for the collector!

We came on a very recent publication of theirs yesterday that will delight the Johnsonians. Oxford is rich already with Johnsoniana. *Rasselas*,[1] and *Letters of Samuel Johnson*,[2] collected and edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, 2 vols.; *Lives of the English Poets*;[3] *Johnsonian Miscellanies*,[4] including anecdotes by Hester Piozzi, prayers and meditations, etc.; *Boswell's Johnson*[5] (have you found a tome so amazing cheap?); *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*,[6] etc., edited by R. W. Chapman; *Proposals for Printing Bibliotheca Harleiana*,[7] reproduced in facsimile from the original folio. These, and more, are treasures for the Johnsonian raker. But the new *Johnson and Boswell Revised*[8] is full of the biographer. It consists of three essays by David Nichol Smith, R. W. Chapman, and L. F. Powell. Boswell's patience and politeness are displayed in many humorous quotations from the two proofs of the first edition of the *Life of Johnson* in Mr. R. B. Adam's collection in Buffalo. And "detail and accuracy are added to the *corpus* of Johnsoniana." A more ambitious work is the *Centenary Edition of the Works of Tolstoy*.[9] When finished it will be the only complete English edition of Tolstoy. Aylmer Maude, the translator, was both Tolstoy's friend and biographer. Many worthy English and American authors, including G. B. Shaw, John Galsworthy, William Lyon Phelps, Jane Addams, have written prefaces to the 21 volumes.

R. W. Chapman's essays seem mnemonic of all worthwhile books. A reference of his brought us back the other evening to that series whose beauty is unmatched among books of their price. We mean, of course, the *Tudor and Stuart Library*.[10] This group of titles exists for those for whom old originals are too dear to possess. They are reproductions of these editions printed with types that are cast from the matrices procured by John Fell in 1660, on paper made from the old recipe. For the same taste are published the Type-Facsimile Reprints.[11] Word for word, page for page they reproduce their models and satisfy the eye as does a Rembrandt or a Haden etching. "These are works of useful piety which we cannot too much commend." And we urge that you look at them, you who love the beauty of old books.

A. Edward Newton in "This Book-Collecting Game" has said of the *New English Dictionary*[12] that its possession is "a species of swank." But we should willingly bare this unpleasant epithet to own such a magnificent "item."

—THE OXONIAN.

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Dwiggins Exhibition

AT the Art Center, 56 East 65th Street, there is an exhibition of work in the graphic arts which should be seen by all interested in the progress of design as applied to printing. For many years Mr. William A. Dwiggins of Boston has worked in highly individual and most delightful ways, always attacking his problems in a fresh manner, and frequently mingling whimsy and charm with his designing. Now the American Institute of Graphic Arts has brought together a large number of pieces of his work,—books, advertising designs, pattern-work of various kinds, posters, pictures, and, not least in interest, a collection of most meticulously cut stencils with which Mr. Dwiggins produced his later decorations. It would be well if the dabsters who think that a few lines of 1830 fat-face type and a hodge-podge of geometric ornaments, all thrown recklessly on the page, constitute "modernism," would look at the poster recently done for the Metropolitan Museum of Art—a poster which is a successful rearrangement of spatial elements in the new way. The exhibition as a whole shows what a fertile imagination in leash to intelligence can produce.

On Monday evening, February 4th, when the exhibition was opened, the medal of the American Institute of Graphic Arts was presented to Mr. Dwiggins, and Mr. Dwiggins and Mr. Francis Meynell of the Nonesuch Press, London, spoke briefly.

R.

First Editions

FIRST EDITIONS OF TO-DAY AND HOW TO TELL THEM. By H. S. BOUTELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1929. $1.

THIS is one of the most interesting and informative books that have recently appeared. Mr. Boutell has, with unusual patience, collected from English and American publishers statements of the manner in which they generally indicate first impressions, and either by quoting from the letters received in reply to his questions, or by using information given directly to him by the publishers themselves, has succeeded in bringing together an amount of definite knowledge available in no other one place. To collectors, nothing could be more useful—there is always a sense of satisfaction in forcing an American publisher to admit anything, especially those firms that seem to enjoy calling attention to their various printings, conveniently, on the dust-wrappers of their books, and leaving the volumes themselves indistinguishable from one another—and Mr. Boutell has earned general gratitude by the manner in which he has accomplished his work. There is no question of its value and importance to everyone interested in modern English and American writers.

The two introductory notes to the book are worth quoting, as they serve to bring out the essential difference between "edition" and "printing" in a particularly clear manner. The first, from the publishers, follows: "As Messrs. Arrowsmith observe ... the correct term is not First Edition but First Impression or Issue. Unfortunately this error of terminology is almost universal; and it was felt that to use any but the usual phrase in the title of the book would be to invite misapprehension. One hopes that a better state of things will one day prevail." Mr. Boutell, in his, makes the same distinction, and adds a few sentences explaining his purpose: "Generally speaking, the collector of 'first editions' is really a collector of 'first impressions,' a first impression being a book from the first lot struck off the presses, and a 'first edition' comprising all books which remain the same in content and in format as the 'first impression.' A 'second impression' is a second printing. A 'second edition' postulates some alteration of text or format. But these terms are, unfortunately, not strictly adhered to. It is hoped that this book will serve to guide the collector amidst these intricacies. The publishing houses of Great Britain and the United States are listed in alphabetical order, and in every case the information is quoted directly from letters, material, or information received from the publishers themselves."

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

C. F. Heartman (612 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.).

February 16—American Historical Pamphlets; books and autographs. Barbe Marbois's "History of Louisiana," 1830; Beltrami's "Découverte des Sources du Mississippi," 1824; "The Retraction of Mr. Charles Chancy, formerly Minister of Ware in Harfordshire," 1641; William Barton's "True Interest of the United States," 1786; Paine's "Dissertations on Government," 1786; "Georgia," A Poem," London, 1736; six letters of Longfellow's to Mr. Ticknor, 1859-1863; a complete copy with the three maps of the "New Jersey Bill in the Chancery of New Jersey, at the Suit of John Earl of Stair," New York, 1747; several manuscript maps of surveys in the state of New Jersey; Rafinesque's "Prodrome d'une Monographie des Rosiers de l'Amérique Septentrionale," no place or date; the rarest of the Selkirk pamphlets, the "Report of Proceedings at a Court of Oyer and Terminer . . . Held by Adjournment at Quebec, 21 October, 1819," Montreal, 1819; E. C. Genet's "Memorial on the Alluvions or Obstructions at the Head of the River Hudson," Albany, 1818; a collection of about thirty-eight pamphlets relating to the Embargo, and the War of 1812; and a collection of early American Medical pamphlets.

* *

There have been recently two sales of interest at Stan. V. Henkels' in Philadelphia. On the sixth of February the items were largely rare Americana: R. B. Sage's "Scenes in the Rocky Mountains," Philadelphia, 1846; John Marshall's "Life of George Washington," 1804-1807; T. L. M'Kenney and James Hall's "History of the Indian Tribes of North America," 1836-1844; several Thomas Paine items; James Ralph's "The Touch-Stone: or, Historical, Critical, and Theological Essays," London, 1728, and several railroad and canal pamphlets. On the fourteenth the sale was almost entirely of historical letters and documents: a letter of six pages from John Adams to John Binns; two letters of Washington, one dated November 15, 1762, dealing with his shipment of tobacco, and the other to General Green ordering table linen and china for his personal use at camp; the original search warrant for Benedict Arnold's house; letters from the Presidents; the manuscript book of poems by Samuel Gwinnett, the brother of Button Gwinnett; letters of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Benjamin West.

* *

The library of the late Thomas L. Raymond was sold at the Anderson Galleries on the thirteenth and fourteenth of the month. The more interesting items were: Ashendene Press books; William Blake, including several of the scarce Muir facsimile editions; Sir Richard Burton; publications of the Carteret Book Club; Stephen Crane; the Cuala Press books; the Doves Press Bible and several other volumes done by this Press; Thomas Hardy, including a copy of the 1904 "Dynasts" with the title-page of volume 1 tipped in, and the preface of the 1903 issue; Lafcadio Hearn; Henry James; George Moore; Walter Pater; books designed by Bruce Rogers; Vale Press books; a large group of Walt Whitman books, with the original manuscript and corrected proof of his "Riddle Song"; Oscar Wilde, and William Butler Yeats.

A note of apology is due to the readers of this department. Because of the practice, apparently in force at several of the American auction rooms, of refraining from mailing either notices or catalogues of sales until about a week or ten days ahead of time, it is impossible, as a rule, to write of these events except in the past tense. The American Art Association, it is a pleasure to add, not only sends out its catalogues promptly, but supplies valuable notes of forthcoming auctions several weeks in advance. The writer's apologies are offered most sincerely to those persons who, under other circumstances, might have been interested in trying to purchase volumes at sales brought too late to their attention.

G. M. T.

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Stray Items

ALLEN LEWIS is one of the few competent American wood-engravers. He has made a frontispiece, a title-page, and some decorative units for Balzac's "Jésus Christ en Flandre," which was issued at Christmas, 1928. It was printed at the Strawberry-Hill Press in a small edition, which will be prized by the recipients.

ANOTHER belated notice of a Christmas book belongs to "It Also Rains in Paris," sent me by Curtis Stuart Loughlin of Portland, Maine, who was for some years associated with T. B. Mosher. The small booklet pleases me because it was done with much economy of means—a small amount of type and a very old job press—yet it is well printed and well conceived. Most of the equipment necessary to produce fine printing should be in the head.

R.

THE Yale University Library has recently received from Mr. Charles Webb and his sister, Miss Elizabeth H. Webb, a set of the *Californian*. This periodical, founded in San Francisco in 1864 by Charles Henry Webb, was edited at several periods during its life by Bret Harte who, with Mark Twain, was a regular contributor to it from the outset. William Dean Howells once remarked of the young men who produced it that "with the fatuity of gifted people . . . they brilliantly coöperated to its early extinction." It will be remembered that a few years ago, Mr. John Howell brought out a volume containing the contributions made by Bret Harte and Mark Twain to this periodical. There are, at the present time, at least five other files of the *Californian* known to exist: one, absolutely perfect and complete, in the Bancroft Library of the University of California; one in the California State Library at Sacramento which lacks the issues for 1868 (the final year of the paper's existence); one, rather imperfect, that passed from the Bancroft Library to Mr. Howell; one in the Academy of Pacific Coast History of which nothing definite is known, and one, consisting of the first two volumes only, the C. W. Stoddard-Brandon-Kozlay copy, that was sold at auction in March, 1926.

G. M. T.

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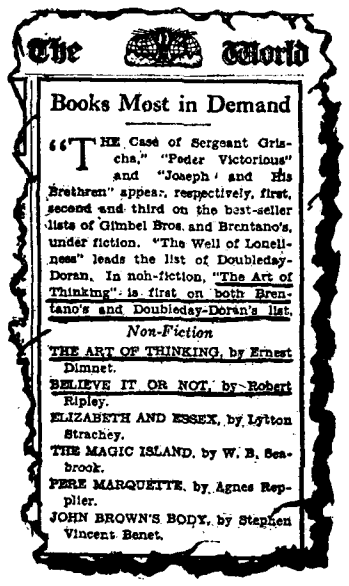
The World

Books Most in Demand

"THE Case of Sergeant Grischa," "Peder Victorious" and "Joseph and His Brethren" appear, respectively, first, second and third on the best-seller lists of Gimbel Bros. and Brentano's, under fiction. "The Well of Loneliness" leads the list of Doubleday-Doran. In non-fiction, "The Art of Thinking" is first on both Brentano's and Doubleday-Doran's list.

Non-Fiction

THE ART OF THINKING, by Ernest Dimnet.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Robert Ripley.
ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, by Lytton Strachey.
THE MAGIC ISLAND, by W. B. Seabrook.
PERE MARQUETTE, by Agnes Repplier.
JOHN BROWN'S BODY, by Stephen Vincent Benet.

Two books from THE INNER SANCTUM *head the best seller list!*

In December 1924 the first five books on the non-fiction best-seller list were publications of *The Inner Sanctum*

In November 1927 five of the first ten best-sellers in non-fiction were publications of *The Inner Sanctum.*

In February 1929 the first two non-fiction best-sellers, as the above clipping from The New York Sunday World of February 3rd, will testify, are publications of *The Inner Sanctum*—none other than *The Art of Thinking* by ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET and *Believe It or Not* by ROBERT L. RIPLEY.

Having been accused too often of excessive diffidence, and wild extravagance in advertising other publishers' books at its own expense, *The Inner Sanctum* takes this means of rehabilitating its long neglected ego, with an array of immodest sales statistics that might well be captioned with Ripley's famous phrase.

Here is the weekly order record on

Believe It or Not

ADVANCE SALE	637
FIRST WEEK	507
SECOND WEEK	1167
THIRD WEEK [*just ended*]	1582

After leaping past the 90,000 copy mark, the sales of *Bambi, A Life In The Woods*, by FELIX SALTEN, began to falter a bit. The idyll of a forest deer has dropped from first to sixth place on the best-seller roster.

NEWS!

No new books from *The Inner Sanctum* during February . . . The old ones are going too fast . . . The first March publication from 37 West 57 Street will start off with an initial printing of 75,000 copies . . . DAT OLE MCEVOY *has just* returned from Hollywood to see about the ZIEGFELD production of *Show Girl* . . . REV. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER, Pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, and opponent of JOHN ROACH STRATTON in the famous debates on fundamentalism, promised *The Inner Sanctum* the complete 160,000 word manuscript of *The Story of Religion* by February 1st, 1929 . . . . On February 1st he walked in with 160,000 words—good ones, too, adds *The Inner Sanctum* . . . DR. WILL DURANT is leaving the Great Northwest with the finished manuscript of *The Mansions of Philosophy* and will be back in Great Neck on February 17th . . . ABBE ERNEST DIMNET, author of *The Art of Thinking*, lives in Paris and writes books in English, French, and Latin . . . RIPLEY ordinarily receives one thousand letters a week, prompted by his *Believe It or Not* marvels . . . Last week he received nine thousand . . . The world's champion bridge player, SIDNEY S. LENZ, appeared in McCreery's Bookshop on Fifth Avenue to autograph copies of his new book on *Contract Bridge* . . . HARRY HANSEN made scoopee and blurted out the secret that one half of *The Inner Sanctum* is temporarily established at Palm Beach . . . This move was partly for holiday purposes, and partly because so many of the noun-and-adjective-operators were down there . . . *The Inner Sanctum* has just received a shipment of ten carloads of adverbs, dangling participles, consonants, vowels, and fresh polysyllables, which are now being assembled and displayed by—

—ESSANDESS.

THE PHOENIX NEST

TWO books to be published by the same firm next Thursday present an interesting contrast. One is "The Garment of Praise," by *Eleanor Carroll Chilton* and *Herbert Agar*, and the other "anarchism is not enough," by *laura riding* (no capitals). Miss Chilton and Mr. Agar discuss the necessity for poetry; miss riding (no capitals) discusses a little of everything, beginning with poetry and ending with sex, except for her "Letter of Abdication." "The Garment of Praise" sets up and defends an absolute standard of poetry. "anarchism is not enough" flickers acidulously from one thing to another. We have never read a writer, male or female, more sure of him or herself than Laura Riding. Her writing irritates us and gets us all tangled up, and yet we go on reading it because she is certainly what they call "provocative." She antagonizes us utterly. We find ourselves turning surly and looking around for a club. We have always considered ourselves a feminist but she makes us feel just about as anti-feministic as possible. Zowie! . . .

We should like to listen to a public debate between Miss Chilton and Mr. Agar on one side and Miss Riding and *Mr. Robert Graves* on the other. Doubleday, Doran might stage it. Both books are from Doubleday, Doran. We should be rooting for Miss Chilton and Mr. Agar, confused slightly by the fact that there are a number of volumes of Mr. Graves's poetry that we vastly admire. We can't follow him any more; but he used to write swell poetry. As for Miss Riding,—we find our mind still sandpapered by her, so we shall say no more. . . .

Viola Meynell, the English novelist and poet, has written a memoir of her mother in *"Alice Meynell,"* a Spring publication of Charles Scribner's Sons. Viola is the third daughter of Alice and *Wilfred Meynell*, and it was about her that *Francis Thompson* wrote "The Making of Viola" in his "Poems." One of her brothers, *Francis Meynell*, we recently met at a pleasant party given by the Modern Library. Mr. Meynell is one of the moving spirits of the Nonesuch Press in England. . . .

On Friday, January 18th, the Crime Club celebrated its first birthday by selling 19,500 books in eight hours. Holy Moses! And they are now speaking of "Hell in Harness," an extraordinary Crime Club poem by *Joseph Auslander*, co-author of "The Winged Horse," and one of America's foremost poets. . . .

We hope the Crime Club has sent one of their brochures to *St. John Ervine*, as we recently heard him say to the Publishers' Luncheon Club that no more detective stories should be written and none published. But for that matter he said a little later that no more books should be written and none published. . . .

And a merrythought of an idea that is too! Only what would we do for a job? But that great big hard-hearted bozo, what does *he* care! . . . .

To return to "Hell in Harness" (the name seems to fascinate us, because that's the way we feel. We are writing this at 6:45 P. M., when all honest men are at dinner,—and we promised to be at a speakeasy at 7:30, and before you know it it'll be that!) to return to "Hell in Harness" (and what an ad we're giving you, Joe!) or rather, not to leave it, the publishers say that it is in a way comparable to "The Set Up"—just as "The Set Up" was compared to Auslander's former poem "Knockout." Joe A. and Joe M.

Said Joe M. March *to* Joe Auslander,
"Your gangsters and gunmen rouse my dander!"
"Oh come, don't be so awfully harch!"
Said Joe Auslander to Joe M. March.

A-ah! That's swell. That makes two pages up and two to go. You know "The Phoenix Nest" always takes exactly four pages of yellow copy paper, unless there's an ad at the bottom of the page. By the way, that Crime Club poem won't appear till April 19th, so you'll have to preserve your souls in patience. . . .

Oh, here's the lady with the mop. Hello, lady with the mop! You can't mop us out of this office till we have finished this here. Look out the window and see all the pretty lights of the big city. And don't grunt at us that way either. We are all of a twitter trying to write deathless literary news. Hey, lady with the mop,—did you know that *Algernon Crofton* had written "The Queen of Nineveh," for Covici-Friede, a tale of the wickedest city? Uh-huh. Wickeder than New York. Uh-huh. "The language Mr. Crofton uses is Biblical and beautiful; the royal falcon hunt, the banquets, and the scenes—hey, don't walk out on us!—the scenes in the great temple of Asshur are described in majestic periods." Yes, and,—oh, listen,—"The harem intrigue and the street scenes are told with a wealth of picturesque detail and amusing vernacular." Get that? Amusing vernacular. What? No. No. No speekee Slovene. Heck! What's Nineveh to her,—or, as a matter of fact, by a graceful transition,—what's she to Nineveh. . . .

We said *take* that *mop* from *under* our *feet!* Yes, that's what we said. Yes, we know we're getting irritable. But the point of view taken by *Dr. Frank Howard Richardson*, F. A. C. P., in his new book, "A Doctor's Letters to Expectant Parents,"—O, no no, no, that's no good as news. And now it's 7:10. Great Nineveh; we'll never get to that speakeasy. *Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski* writes his first novel in "The Lioness," thrilling tale of the Mohammedan underworld o now you're just copying that isn't fair. . . .

Harendranath Maitra, of *The New Villager*, published at 65 East 11th Street, asks us to write a few lines about *The New Villager*, so here goes, we are writing a few lines about *The New Villager*. . . .

Dr. George A. Dorsey is going to Java in April as a delegate from the American Anthropological Association. He wrote his new book "Hows and Whys of Human Behavior" (Harpers) as a result of some twelve thousand letters he received from the public. . . .

If we could strap this portable onto us—oh, there's a strap! Now for coat and hat and we'll get to that speakeasy in time after all. Let's see—Hey, *Going Down!*—"The real inside story of *John Vandercook's* whiskers—No, that's another Harper note; got to have variety; "The Mimes of the Courtesans," tut! tut! — Hey, *Taxi!* — printed in a limited edition of 1050 numbered copies—*Limited!* Why good Gargantua, we never sold as many copies as that of any book of ours and we know a lot of people that could say the same; well, anyway, "The Mimes of the Courtesans," just whimsical dialogues between courtesans and —between courtesans and—courtesans; can you read that book? O'courtesan. Oh, no; that's no good—yes, fifty *seventh* street, driver; well, *you* should know if it's westbound; well, *you* should know if that's the north side or the south side!—Oh to heck with "The Mimes of the Courtesans" . . . .

"The Mimes of Herondas,"—Huh, just a lot of mimes, that's all they are; O 'ello Mime; O 'ello 'Arry; were written in the third Century B. C. and the author was a Greek poet who was once late to a speakeasy printed on Old Stratford Antique-wove paper, edition limited to 975 numbered copies. . . .

The ill-starred adventure that resulted in the heroic death of *Maximilian*, the brother of *Emperor Francis Joseph* of Austria is related to *Bob Davis: Psychographer*, the inexorable realist in the art of the camera and two copies of "The Caravan," published twice yearly by the Writers' Club of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have just come to this desk we mean into this taxi; Oh, Lord, there goes the red light against us! . . . .

Elswyth Thane and *Will Beebe* are going to sail in April for the Bermudas on a deep-sea expedition; and *Charles Dickens*, it develops, wrote a life of Christ which never has been published. Its non-publication was insisted upon and is regarded as something of a sacred trust. . . .

And here's an intimate picture of *Lord Gladstone* looking over at *Schumann-Heink* as Mary in "The Flying Dutchman." Now, Ewart! . . . .

And—yes, here,—*here!* . . . Hello Arturo, —hello! Yeah, nice evening; going to be better.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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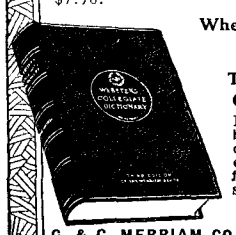

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Points of View

Mr. Seldes Checks Up

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of January 19 Mr. Orwell Bradley Towne, of the Christian Science Committee of Publication, says:

"The inaccuracy of Mr. Seldes's book is evidenced in his statement that the Massachusetts Metaphysical College was forced out of Boston because of the 'teaching of Malicious Animal Magnetism.' "

I know how tedious controversy on such detail may be to those not directly concerned, but I want to put before you a peculiar case of blindness—my own. For I have given myself the pain of reading three times in succession my entire chapter on Christian Science, and of checking every index reference in "The Stammering Century" to Mrs. Eddy and to Christian Science, and I cannot find any statement remotely resembling the one Mr. Towne ascribes to me. Fearing that my index is faulty, I have read every chapter in which such a reference might occur. I cannot find it. I do not remember writing such a line, nor quoting it.

I have often looked for a passage in a book and been unable to find it, although it was right under my eyes; but I do not think that I could miss three times in succession.

The structure of my chapter on Christian Science is definitely indicated: I survey a certain number of charges against Mrs. Eddy in order to place them in their relatively unimportant position. Mr. Towne says that Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Riley, who reviewed both our books, and I, "have extended themselves to besmirch the good name of a good woman and to denounce a successful religious body. . . ." Besmirching, at my hands, includes the assertion that Mrs. Eddy "withstood the most withering ridicule, the most bitter attacks on her intelligence and probity, the most thunderous declamations from established pulpits, the most logical discussions of her whole edifice. . . ." And of all the personal charges against her: "it is easy to see how much more they are based on interpretation of facts than on facts themselves. Even if they were all true, they would not belittle the truth of Christian Science. . . ." And of Christian Science: "It worked, it brought religion as an active force into daily life as a way of guaranteeing health and happiness. It infused warmth into the inert body of science and it gave scientific, even if pseudo-scientific, corroboration to the imperilled mysteries of Christianity." And again, "Christian Science is neither absurd nor unique. It answers a deep desire in some human souls. Whether that desire is itself desirable . . . is another question."

It was necessary for me to quote the charges made; it was not "obligatory for me to refute them," since I never gave them countenance. "The Stammering Century" is not a study in cults so much as a study in the inter-relations of cults and preëminently in the relations existing between cults, established religions, and social experiments. My single interest in Christian Science is in its relation to other religions and doctrines; in that connection malicious animal magnetism is secondary and the doctrine of death as error is primary. I assume that among serious writers it is permissible to reject a leader's philosophy without being accused of evil motives; and if, as an amateur historian, I have taken that privilege, I feel that indulgence and fairness ought to be my portion. As for inaccuracy, I have, since beginning this letter, read through the offending chapter again. I cannot find Mr. Towne's reference.

GILBERT SELDES.

Paget, West Bermuda.

Mr. Riley Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The recent letter of Mr. Towne of the Christian Science Committee on Publication in your issue of January 19 has amused me very much. It seems curious that I am not fitted "by professional experience" to criticize Christian Science, although I am fitted to write criticisms for your columns. It is still further curious that two such remarkable books as Mr. Seldes's "Stammering Tongues" should be nothing but misrepresentations of the Christian Science religion, for since their publication a former director of the Christian Science organization, Mr. Dittemore, has extorted a confession from the Christian Science Committee on Publication that their official life of Mrs. Eddy by Sybil Wilbur failed to state that the founder of a drugless healing cult used drugs.

In regard to the letters of Mrs. Eddy, cited by Horatio Dresser in his "Quimby Manuscripts," it seems strange that only those letters which told of her using drugs and employing a doctor should have been objected to by the Christian Science authorities. As to the suppression of the Milmine book I have recently learned that although it may have been a "financial failure," as Mr. Towne claims, the Christian Science Committee on Publication thought it worth while to buy and destroy the plates.

Another strange statement is that no campaign for membership has ever been conducted by the organization. Why then should the authorities so lavishly advertise the *Monitor* as I saw it last Spring on the Riviera, why should they publish one of their magazines in French in spite of the French seldom reading it, and why should they rent quarters on the Boulevard St. Germain and attempt to draw Parisians to hear their services? If anyone wants to know how they carry on their propaganda let him go into shops on Madison Avenue and ask why the proprietors are forced to put notices of free Christian Science lectures in their show windows.

As for negative propaganda, or suppression, will Mr. Towne give the real reason, known to many, for the suppression of my article on Christian Science in "The Cambridge History of American Literature!" Also why the authorities of the New York Public Library have such trouble in keeping books against Christian Science on their shelves, and in preventing the cutting out of similar articles in the magazines and newspapers of the reading room? Why the same authorities are prevented from taking photostats of the first edition of "Science and Health"? Why the Boston Public Library is forced to keep its copy of the third edition in a safe? Why the Milwaukee Library soon found its copy of my joint work "missing" from its shelves, and so on *ad libitum?* Why also has the same Committee circularized the colleges to prevent the use of my book "American Thought" as a textbook, and also written a letter to my latest publishers protesting against their signing a contract with me for a forthcoming book on morals?

These are many curious questions to be answered by the authorized committee on publication which perhaps the unauthorized Christian Science *Watchman* of Washington might like to investigate.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

Vassar College.

Versification

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I note with interest the new form of versification according to vowel sounds which you have set forth in one of your reviews. Our cat has originated another form, based on spelling, not sound, which, it seems to me, has equal merit. His first limerick runs:

"Three jeers for the cat," said the Aunt.
Said the kitten: "I call that a taunt.
"I may be four-footed
"But my feeling's deep-rooted
"And I can't stand a taunt from an aunt."

Massachusetts and the Middle West may get a rhyme out of this; but for the writer it remains a clear illustration of the new poesy, diversified by our many local pronunciations. As such I submit it in the name of Prince Chichibu, the Orange Cat and holder of the medal as Feline Poet. It is quite as difficult as vowel rhyming and offers I believe a wider field for the imagination. G. G. B.

New York.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Some time in the early seventies of the last century, a proprietary or "patent" medicine firm, or firm dealing in some commodity of similar sort, printed and distributed over the fences of the then Middle West, a cheap pamphlet reprint of Combe's "Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," containing the drawings of Rowlandson, the caricaturist.

Can anyone of your readers or advertisers identify this publication and the firm which issued it, or obtain for me a copy of the pamphlet itself, and at what price?

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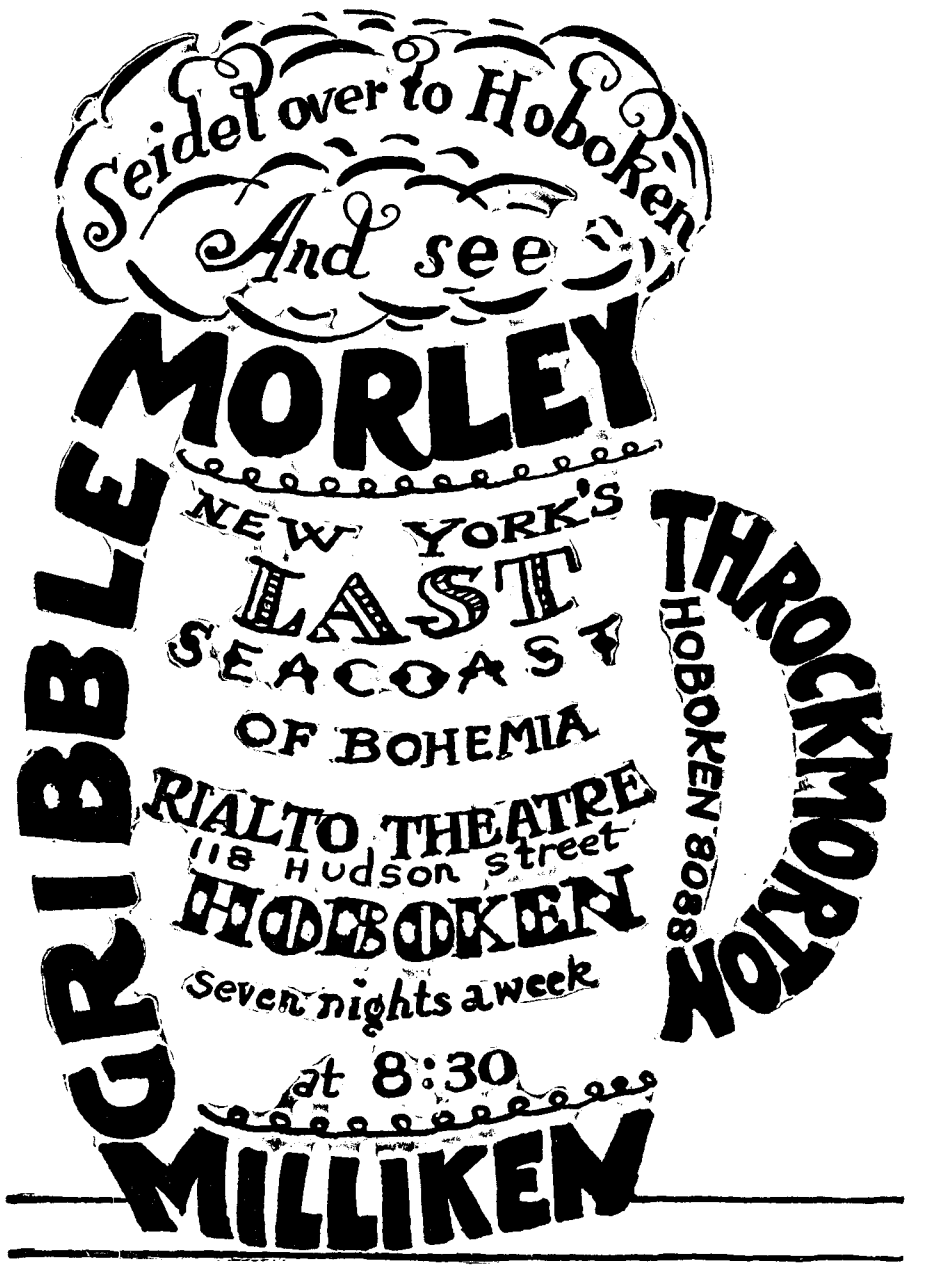

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Again the Crime Club's jury has picked a winner. THE TULE MARSH MURDER, their January selection, was the 4th best-seller on the fiction list of twelve leading New York bookstores last week as reported in Sunday's N. Y. *World*. Furthermore, *The New Yorker* highly recommends THE TULE MARSH MURDER and the N. Y. *Times* awards it "honors in crime detection." *17th thousand.* $2.

In December the jury selected THE DOUBLE, by Edgar Wallace, as the month's best thriller. To date more than 21,000 copies have been bought by Wallace fans . . . last week's sales were 1100 copies . . . this week it looks like 2000 . . . it *must* be good! $2.

Hugh Walpole calls Edgar Wallace, "the wonder child of our generation." Last month's Wallace—THE DOUBLE. This month's Wallace—THE FLYING SQUAD. Next month's Wallace—THE TWISTER.

The expert Crime Club jury is composed of Frances Noyes Hart, author of *The Bellamy Trial*; William Rose Benét, associate editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*; Arthur Turner Vance, editor of *The Pictorial Review*; Grant Overton, author, editor, and critic; and John Kidd, former president of the American Booksellers Association. Each month these five select for Crime Club readers one *outstandingly fine* detective story . . . Each month for the past eleven months their choice has met glowing praise, huge success.

Just published: THE LAYTON COURT MYSTERY, by Anthony Berkeley . . . author of *The Silk Stocking Murders* . . . the Crime Club's September selection . . . still in demand at the bookstores. Both are Roger Sheringham stories . . . both represent the British detective story, at its very best. (each, $2.)

THE BAFFLE BOOK ($2.) is again in stock . . . we have just sent 7500 more copies out to bookstores . . . another 5000 are on press. The demand for this book of detective story games and mystery problems has been far exceeding the supply. Over a thousand people a week are buying it . . . testing their reasoning powers . . . the greatest fun in years.

Look for the little Crime Club man! His presence on a book guarantees you the very best in mystery and detective fiction. Booksellers, reviewers and readers all agree . . . and books sponsored by the Crime Club are selling faster than those under any other imprint!

If you want to find out more about the Crime Club, write to Mastermind, The Crime Club, Garden City, N. Y. There's a fascinating story waiting for you.

Here are the EXHIBITS!

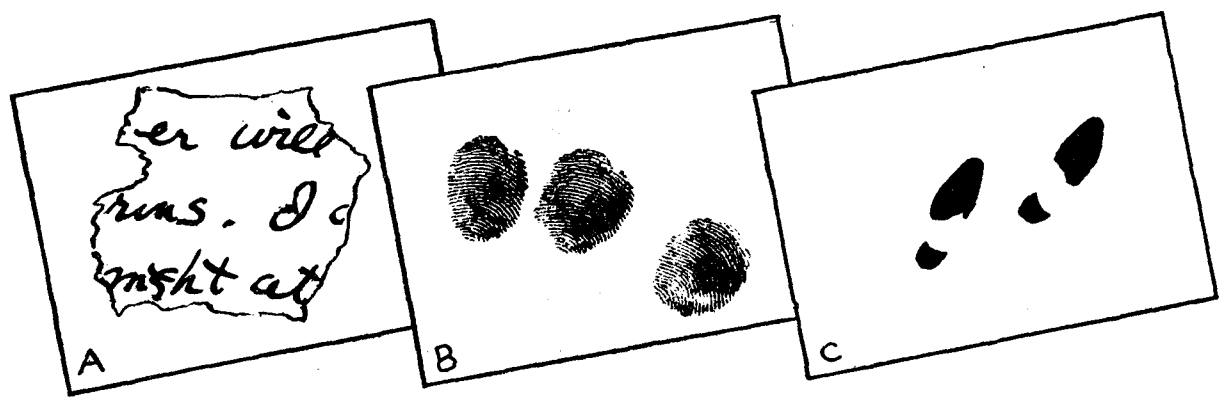

EXHIBIT A
The most baffling message might have given some hint —but there was no message!

EXHIBIT B
Richard's fingerprints might have provided a clue—but there were no fingerprints.

EXHIBIT C
Irene's footprints might have betrayed the murderer—but there were no footprints!

Murder had been committed!

But all the normal detective story clues were missing! Richard Quilter was shot as he slept . . . a rope stretching from his window to the ground provided the killer's escape . . . but there were no footprints in the snow below!

Can you guess the murderer?

Probably not, for this book has won the Scotland Yard Prize for the best detective story of the year. It has furthermore been selected by the Crime Club jury as the best of the month.

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